
AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

VOL. VI.

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AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR THE
L I F E
OF
GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY,
LATE OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

To the Fifth Volume of which is annexed,
Her original Letter to JOHN CALCRAFT, Esq.
advertised to be published in October 1767,
but which was then violently suppressed.

" The Web of our Life is of a mingled Yarn, Good and Ill
" together; our Virtues would be proud, if our Faults whipt
" them not; and our Crimes would despair, if they were not
" cherished by our Virtues."

All's Well that Ends Well, Act 4, Scene iii.

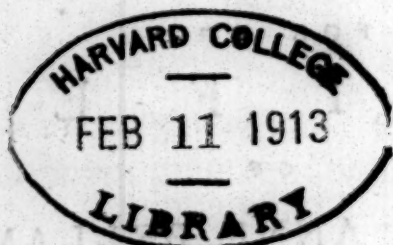
IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
And sold by J. BELL, at the British Library, STRAND.

M DCC LXXXV.



*Gift of
John Craig*

DEDICATION.

This VOLUME is most humbly dedicated to one of the most generous of Men, an unknown Benefactor.

S I R,

THE very few moments I was honoured with your company, would not permit me to express my thanks, could I have found words, and had I known the value of your donation. Permit me, however, to assure you, Sir, by the only channel that is left open for me, that after your prohibition, I shall never attempt to discover to whom I am indebted for so liberal a benefaction; and that my bosom swells with gratitude for the timely assistance it afforded me.

As I have every reason to believe, no person on earth but yourself can know

for whom this Address is intended, I flatter myself, this public testimony of a gratitude, deeply impressed, will not prove unacceptable; and the more so, when I inform you that your bounty preserved me from the worst of evils.

Permit me to say, that your benevolence, and the manner of your conferring it, convinces me that the soul of the much-revered and ever-regretted Lord Digby animates you; as the distress of such an unhappy being, as I was, could touch your heart, and you could relieve it in the noble manner you did.

I am, Sir,

With the highest respect,

Your ever obliged humble Servant,

G. A. BELLAMY.

N^o 10, Charles-Street, St. James's,
April 23, 1785.

A D V E R-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception my "Apology" has met with from a generous and indulgent Public, claims not only my warmest thanks, but every exertion in my power, to testify the sensibility so flattering a distinction has excited in my bosom. And as, since the first publication of it, I have been reminded by many correspondents of numerous Anecdotes, which then escaped my recollection, (having written entirely from memory) I know not how I can better do this, than by making an addition of these to a Work, which has been so favourably received. It is a duty I likewise owe to those friends, who have been so kind as to refresh my memory, that some attention should be paid to their wishes.

And I am the more confirmed in my purpose, as a few unintentional errors have crept into the foregoing Volumes, which,

though almost unavoidable in a detail of transactions, for so long a course of years, where no diary has been kept, or even loose memorandums made, I would wish to correct. They will, accordingly, together with every matter of doubt, I flatter myself, be clearly elucidated in the following pages. Nothing could so pungently affect me, as the suspicion of being guilty of designedly imposing, even in the minutest points, on those who have been so partial and generous, and have honoured me so liberally with their approbation.

It would have made the Work more uniform and compact, had I interwoven the additional circumstances, according to the time they happened, with the Narrative of my Life ; but as that would render the former editions less valuable, and appear as if intended to promote the sale by a measure not altogether warrantable, my Publisher has advised me to make a separate Volume of it ; by which means, those who are possessed of either of the former editions, may add this to it, and not be obliged to re-purchase the whole, in order to gratify their curiosity.

But

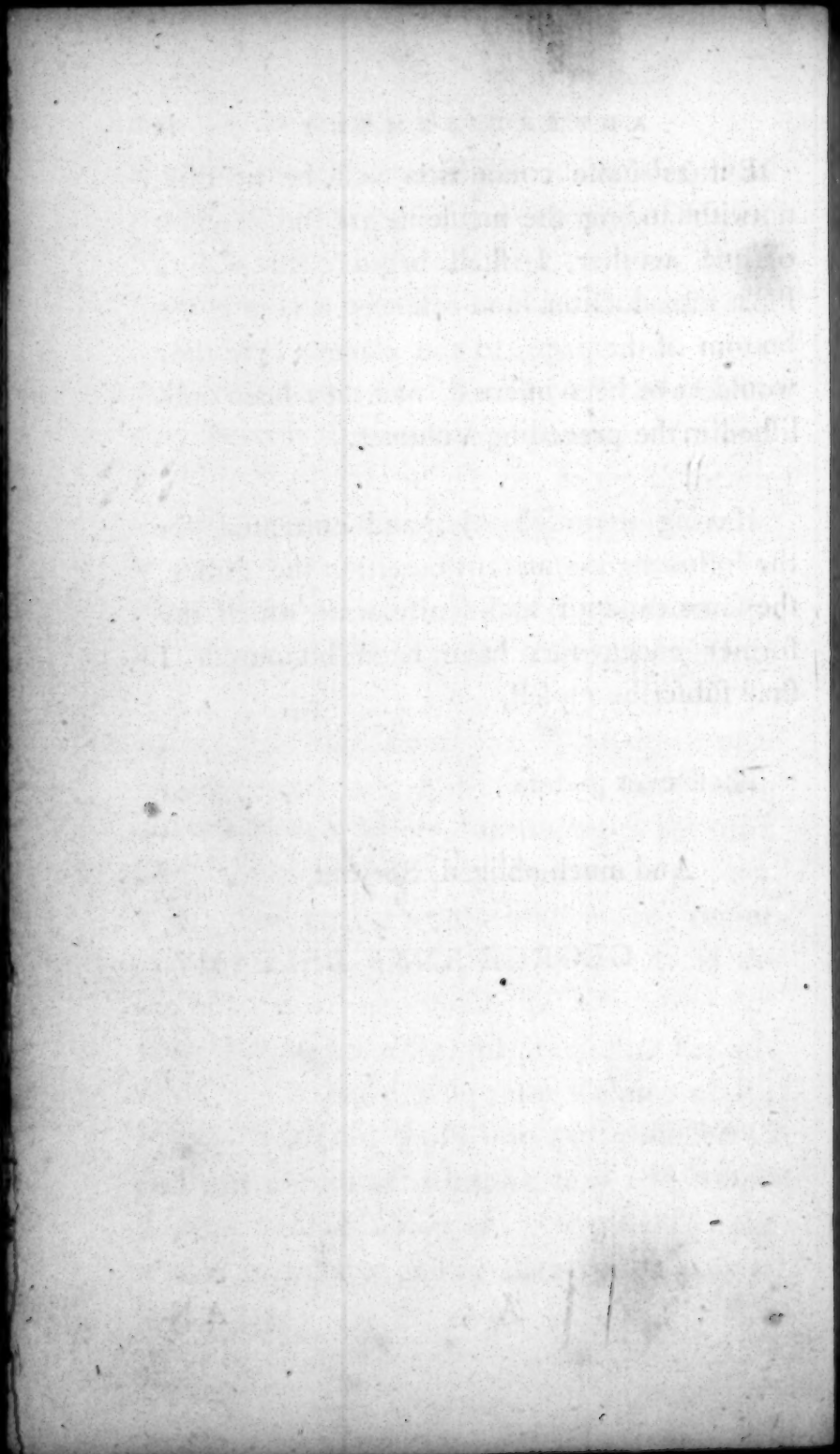
But as some connection will be needful, notwithstanding the incidents are independent of one another, I shall begin each with a short introduction, and refer by a note at the bottom of the page, to the places where they would have been inserted, had they been published in the preceding Volumes.

Having premised this, and entreated for the following attempt to entertain the Public, the same candour and lenity with which my former endeavours have been honoured, I shall subscribe myself,

Their ever grateful,

And much obliged, Servant,

GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.



L E T T E R CIII.

*THE story I have related concerning Mrs. Godfrey's insensibility and critical recovery, having occasioned some doubts as to its authenticity, it gives me pleasure, that my mother's veracity, from whom I have frequently heard the singular account, is corroborated by no less a person than the present Vice-chancellor of Cambridge. In one of the † periodical publications for the month of February last, under an article, of which the preceding five volumes of my "Apology" are the subject, is a note, which contains a confirmation of it from an authority that cannot be

† European Magazine for February, page 97.

doubted; and of which, for the satisfaction of you, madam, and my readers, I have made the following extract.

I shall only stop to premise, that the Lady who occasions these remarks was the celebrated Mrs. Arabella Churchill, sister of John, the great Duke of Marlborough; and who, before she was married to Colonel Godfrey, had two sons and a daughter by King James the second: viz. James Fitz-James, Duke of Berwick, Grandee of Spain, Marechal of France, and Knight of the Golden Fleece; Henry Fitz-James, generally called the Grand Prior, Lieutenant-General, and Admiral of the French Gallies; and Henrietta, who married Henry, Lord Waldegrave.—To proceed to the quotation.

“ Of this Lady (Mrs. Godfrey) Mrs. Bel-
“ lamy tells a very extraordinary story, which
“ has been considered as fabulous. In de-
“ fence, however, of her veracity on this
“ occasion, we shall add, that she has no less
“ an authority for the truth of her account
“ than the present Vice-chancellor of Cam-
“ bridge, who relates the fact in these words.
‘ A certain lady was ill, and her husband
‘ being very fond of her, constantly attended
‘ her. On a *Sunday* morning, about the time
‘ of going to church, her other attendants
‘ declared her to be dead, and were going to
‘ prepare the body for the funeral. This the
‘ husband would not permit; and determined

‘ to

‘ to watch the corpse himself, till some farther
 ‘ alterations gave him infallible proof of
 ‘ death. The next *Sunday* morning he per-
 ‘ ceived his wife to stir and breathe. In a
 ‘ little time finding her in her perfect senses,
 ‘ he observed to her, that she had slept a long
 ‘ time. She replied, “ not long ; for I heard
 ‘ the bells ringing for church before I dropt
 ‘ asleep, and they have not done ringing yet ;
 ‘ “ She was after the mother of a family, who
 ‘ “ can still give testimony of the fact*.”

† In another note in the monthly publica-
 tion I have before referred to, a mistake is
 pointed out relative to my age ; which, as I
 am desirous of clearing up every point that
 has the appearance of error, I shall here tran-
 scribe, and then give a proper elucidation of
 it. Having said that I was born on ‡ St.
 George’s Day, 1733, the Editor makes the
 following remark upon it.

“ As this is almost the only date in the
 “ whole work, we shall observe upon it, that
 “ it is certainly inaccurate. Those who re-
 “ member Mrs. Bellamy’s first appearance
 “ in *Monimia* (and several there are now
 “ living) are satisfied that she was then five or
 “ six years older than this date would allow
 “ her to be. Her performance of *Monimia*

* Farther Observations on the Doctrine of an inter-
 mediate State, in Answer to the Rev. Dr. Morton’s
 Queries. By Peter Peckard, M. A. 8vo. 1757. Page 32.

† Page 98.

‡ Vol. I. page 22, line 29.

“ was

“ was in November 1744; when, according
“ to her calculation, she could only be eleven
“ years of age.

“ Chetwood the Promter, in his History of
“ the Stage, 1749, 12mo. page 113, speaks
“ of Mrs. Bellamy in these terms, ‘ This
“ young and admirable actress was born in
“ this kingdom (i. e. Ireland) in the year
“ 1727. She has a most admirable improv-
“ ing genius; therefore it will be no wonder
“ if she soon reaches the top of perfection.
“ She has a liberal open heart, to feel and
“ ease the distresses of the wretched. How
“ amiable must blooming beauty appear,
“ that forms the mind with every moral vir-
“ tue! She has left this kingdom, to the regret
“ of all lovers of the drama.’ “ Mr. Chet-
“ wood’s date would reconcile several doubts
“ which have been entertained concerning the
“ authenticity of this performance, which, al-
“ lowing for the inaccuracies of memory, we
“ believe may be relied upon.”

In order to clear up this doubt, I lately re-
quested Mr. Batten, of Hare-Court, in the
Temple, to inquire at the Insurance-Office,
where my life was once occasionally insured,
to learn the exact date of my birth. That
Gentleman accordingly made the inquiry,
and found that I had been mistaken two
years in the time I fixed it at. And that the
date was regularly ascertained to the direc-
tors,

tors of the office, will appear from the following circumstances.

In one of the preceding volumes, I have mentioned, that in the early part of my life I was supposed to have been named *Georgiane*; and so I consequently always wrote my name. Being indebted to Alderman Cracraft in the sum of three hundred pounds, which he lent me to pay several debts I owed, through the embezzlements of my maid servant, as before related, he requested that I would insure my life. To this, I agreeing, the Alderman applied to the Insurance-Office for that purpose. To our mutual surprize, the policy was not made out for several weeks; during which time, I suppose they had the precaution to write to Ireland to know the exact date of my birth; for upon the delivery of the policy, it appeared that my name was not spelt in the register *Georgiane*, as I had usually written it, but *George Anne*. And I learn from the recent inquiry made, that I should have fixed the date of my entrance into this world on St. George's day 1731, instead of 1733. From this authority, which is undoubted, Mr. Chetwood must have been mistaken in my age as well as myself.

It cannot be supposed, that considering my time of life, the difference arose rather from a wish to conceal my age than from mistake. It is a matter of little consequence, when a woman is turned of fifty, what her age may be,

be. so she is blest with health and good humour. The latter, I hope, I shall retain during my existence in this sublunary state.

I beg leave to assure the commentator on my error, that I do not intend to pass for the * *Ninon de l'Enclos* of England. The deviation arose entirely from mistake; for had I been *seventy*, I should most assuredly have disclosed it. This intelligence, I believe, will be considered by the generality of my readers as a matter of very little consequence; and I must conclude this letter with observing, that I fear I shall be found in many other instances to be but an indifferent chronologist.

G. A. B.

P. S. Since writing the above, I have procured a copy of the certificate there al-

* The celebrated *Ninon de l'Enclos* made a conquest of her own son, at the time she had reached the age of seventy. Not knowing that she was his mother, he had conceived a violent affection for her; and urging his passion, one day, with all the eloquence of love, she told him, she would give him an answer, at a particular time she mentioned. When the appointed hour arrived, the lover flew on the wings of impatience to receive his doom. But what was his surprize and astonishment, when he found the object of his affections in bed, and was informed by her, that the very day she had fixed to disclose her sentiments to him, was the anniversary of his birth; she having brought him into the world forty years before, in the very same bed in which she then lay. A discovery so unexpected, disconcerted the young gentleman so much, and raised such a train of horrible ideas in his mind, that he immediately left the room, and shot himself,

luded

alluded to, which runs as follows, and puts the exact date of my birth out of dispute.

“ Declaration of George Anne Bellamy’s Register; that the said George Anne Bellamy is of the age of thirty-three years, and was born at Fingal in the kingdom of Ireland upon the twenty-third day of April, in the year one thousand, seven hundred and thirty-one.”

LETTER CIV.

Feb. 16, 1785.

* **A**MONG the unintentional errors which have (as already apologized for) crept into the former part of this work, is the omission of my having played at Covent-Garden Theatre before my appearance in *Monimia*, agreeable to the account I have given. The circumstance had made so slight an impression upon my mind, that I should not, I believe, even now have recollected it, had I not been reminded of it by an unknown correspondent. I now recollect, however, that I played the part of Miss Prue in “ Love for

Vol. I. page 41, after line 9.

Love,”

Love," for the benefit of Mr. Bridgewater. At the latter end of the season, previous to that in which I entered into the service of Melpomene, that gentleman entreated my mother to let me play the comic character of Miss Prue for him, which I accordingly did. And I acknowledge myself indebted to the person that excited the recollection, as it has revived in my memory, at the same time, an anecdote relative to that performer, which may probably prove entertaining, as well as give an idea of his professional merit.

Mr. Bridgewater, who was by trade a coal-merchant, was, in some cast of characters, a good actor, but extremely indolent; and no man ever possessed a greater share of curiosity. Mrs. Horton, who was very beautiful, but an indifferent performer for the capital parts she undertook, knowing these failings in her fellow comedian, took it into her head, one evening, to make a trial to what a height he would carry the latter, and at the same time endeavour to correct the former. She accordingly told him, just as he was about to go on, in the character of Leontine in "Theodosius," that she had something of great importance to inform him of, when he came off.

Bridgewater no sooner heard this, than the propensity which was so natural to him instantly blazed forth, and made him earnestly entreat the lady to acquaint him with what it

was,

was, prior to his going on. Before he could obtain an answer, the person who called to the book, came to let him know that the stage stood for want of him. But so acute was his desire of knowing the secret, that, notwithstanding the business of the stage was interrupted by the delay, and the audience might have been displeased at the chasm in the piece, yet he could not forbear, even at so critical a time, renewing his entreaties that the lady would gratify his impatience. Upon which Mrs. Horton laughingly replied, "Bridge, was you always in such a hurry, " you would be an excellent actor."

* In the first volume I had occasion to mention Mr. Ryan. I there informed you, that at a rehearsal of the "Orphan," in which I was to make my first appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre, that gentleman *whistled* Polydore. To account for this mode of expressing myself, I further acquainted you, that from the accident of having been shot in the mouth by ruffians, he had a tremor in his voice, which till you were accustomed to it, was very disagreeable; but from his utility in playing every night, the discordance of it grew familiar to the ear, and was not so displeasing. It is necessary to make this recapitulation, as it will be introductory to what I am going to add of that gentleman.

* Vol. I. page 52, line 30.

Mr.

Mr. Ryan might truly have been denominated, in the theatrical phrase, a *wear and tear* man; that is, one who had constant employment, and fills a part in almost every piece that is performed. This frequently occasioned his coming late to the theatre. I have known him come at the time the last music has been playing; when he has accosted the shoe-black at the stage door in his usual tremulous tone (which it is impossible to give those an idea of on paper that never heard it, but those who have, will easily recollect it) with, boy, clean my shoes.

.....

As soon as this needful operation has been performed, he has hastened to his dressing-room, and having hurried on an old laced coat and waistcoat, not a little the worse for wear, a tye wig pulled buckishly over his forehead, and in the identical black worsted stockings he had on when he entered the house, ordered the curtain to be drawn up. Thus adorned, he would then make his appearance in the character of Lord Townley; and, in the very tone of voice in which he had addressed his intimate of the brush, exclaim,

“Why did I marry; was it not evident, &c.”

.....

And in the same harsh monotony did that gentleman speak every part he played.

I have

I have not introduced the foregoing circumstances to ridicule Mr. Ryan; as from the acknowledgment of Mr. Garrick, before inserted, he was a just as well as useful actor; but to point out the real state of the theatrical community, at the period I was interested in it.

It will likewise be seen from it, that the dress of the gentlemen, both of the sock and buskin, was full as absurd as that of the ladies. Whilst the empresses and queens appeared in black velvet, and, upon extraordinary occasions, with the additional finery of an embroidered or tissue petticoat; and the younger part of the females, in cast gowns of persons of quality, or altered habits rather soiled; the male part of the *dramatis personæ* strutted in tarnished laced coats and waistcoats, full bottom or tye wigs, and black worsted stockings.

* The following incident will afford you a trifling specimen of some of my worthy friend Mr. Quin's peculiarities, and confirm what I have before observed of him, that with the most liberal mind, and benevolent heart, he had his whims, his prepossessions, and his prejudices.

Garrick once took it into his head to play Othello, and in a *Maorish* dress: an alteration which was not only absurd in the extreme;

* Vol. I. page 58, after line 2.

as it must naturally be supposed a Venetian general would usually wear a Venetian habit; but as it tended to make his own figure more *petit* than it really was, which was quite unnecessary.

After the performance, a gentleman called in upon Mr. Quin to give him an account of it. When the latter, with the utmost good humour, exclaimed, "You must be mistaken, my dear friend, the little man could not appear as the *Moor*, he must rather look like Desdemona's *little black boy* that attends her tea-kettle."

And, indeed, this observation of Quin's was not merely a witty impromptu, but it was founded on truth; for the great Roscius not feeling himself equal to the character, and conscious of the degradation of his figure in it, never ventured to perform it again.

No man was possessed of a greater fund of wit and humour than this worthy friend of mine; and his comparisons were always just and striking, as the following instance (which I cannot forbear giving you, though perhaps by thus running from one story to another you may accuse me of garrulity) will prove.

As I was about to quit the rooms one evening at Bath, he hastened after me, and insisted upon my returning. I could not conceive what could occasion this interruption to my purpose, till I heard him explain, Come back, my dear girl, and see a minuet danced upon

upon *broad wheels*. Induced by the oddity of the comparison. I complied with his request; when I beheld a lady moving a minuet with infinite grace, but of a size which justified the adoption of Mr. Quin's idea, as she was possessed of much more than is usually termed the *embonpoint*.

* To the account I gave you of the dissipation and extravagance of the well-known Zachary Moore, I shall here, for your amusement, add an Epitaph (if I may so call it) that was written on him during his life-time.

Z. M.

A living monument
Of the friendship and generosity of the great.
After an intimacy of thirty years,
With most of
The great personages of these kingdoms,
Who did him the honour to assist him
In the laborious work
Of getting to the far end of a great fortune;
These his noble friends,
From gratitude
For the many happy days and nights
Enjoyed by his means,
Exalted him, through their influence,
In the forty-seventh year of his age,
To an ensigny
Which he actually enjoys at present
In Gibraltar.

1756.

G. A. B.

* Vol. I. p. 81, line 31.

LETTER CV.

Feb. 21, 1785.

* **W**HILST I resided at the sheds of Clontarf, a ludicrous incident happened, which, though it was like to have been attended with serious consequences to me, still excites such laughable ideas in my mind, whenever it occurs to my recollection, that I cannot forbear relating it.

One day the beautiful widow Madden, afterwards Lady Ely, came down to pay me a visit. As it was a holiday, a circumstance my visitor had not recollected, and she had come early, in order to spend the whole day with me, she accompanied me to a barn some few miles off, where the service of our church, for the convenience of the neighbouring peasants, was usually performed.

As the place was situated upon the sea coast, the congregation, which was very numerous, chiefly consisted of fishermen and their families; and unluckily some circumstances happened, which put our gravity to the test, and counteracted the intentional devotion with which we entered the sacred shed.

The weather being uncommonly warm, and the barn much crowded, the effects soon became visible on the countenance of the fa-

* Vol. I. page 128, line 13.

cerdotal gentleman that officiated. The subtle fluid produced by perspiration, in plenteous streams bedewed his visage, which obliged him to have frequent recourse to his handkerchief; and as that happened to be deeply tinged with blue, and never to have been used before, his face was soon adorned with various stripes of that colour, and exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted a smile from the most rigid Anchorite.

My fair companion, who, by the by, loved laughing more than praying, and preferred a joke to a homily, by frequent jogs with her elbow, drew my attention to the outré figure that now presented itself. In any other place, so ludicrous a scene would have afforded me the highest entertainment; but as I always make a point, and hope I ever shall, of behaving myself in a place of worship with that reverence and solemnity which is due to it, I was not to be tempted to forget where I was.

After the prayers were ended, the minister gave an exhortation to his auditors; and now, by the quaintness of some of his expressions, rendered that hilarity which his beplastered countenance had first excited in my companion's mind, ungovernable. In the course of his oration, he took occasion to introduce the fall of our first parents. When addressing himself to the female part of his congregation, who, as I have already said, were fish-women, he exclaimed, with a much

stronger tincture of the Hibernian brogue than even some of our present preachers, "Your mother Eve sold her immortal soul, "and with it all mankind, for an apple; but "such is your depravity, ye wretches, that "you would sell your souls for an oyster; "nay, even for a cockle."

Though my fair friend had been hitherto able to keep her risible faculties within tolerable bounds, an expression so replete with low humour—so truly ludicrous—was not to be withstood; she burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter, and hurrying out of the rustic chapel, left *me* to encounter the rage of the offended priest and his enthusiastic auditory.

It was happy for me, that I had even *then* obtained the reputation of being a * *devotée*, as the clergyman instantly put a stop to his exhortation, and addressed himself particularly to me. He told me, that if he was not well assured, from the general tenor of my behaviour, and the character I bore, that I was incapable of countenancing such a flagrant affront to the Deity, he would cause me to be expelled from the mother church; but as he hoped that was not the case, he would

* By a *devotée*, I mean a person devoted to religion, in the true sense of the word, without ostentation, enthusiasm, hypocrisy, or rancour, as either of these cannot fail to offend, instead of pleasing, our *merciful* Creator. Such a *devotée* I humbly trust I am, and ever shall remain.

forgive my bringing with me a person, who, having no devotion herself, had dared to disturb those who had, if I would inform him of her name. In order to appease the offended priest, I gave him my word that I would send to him; and the service concluded without any farther interruption.

As to Mrs. Madden, she prudently mounted her horse, and returned with all speed to my lodgings; she otherwise would have stood a chance of being in the same predicament poor Orpheus was; the common people of that country being no less revengeful, when their religious rights are supposed to be contemned, than the Thracian dames could be for the indifference shown to their sex by the son of Apollo.

Agreeable to my promise to the priest, I sent to him soon after; not, indeed, to acquaint him with the name of my imprudent companion, but to endeavour to palliate her offence. Fortunately, Mr. Crump was his penitent, by whose means the affair was at length made up. And this interference was the only part of his conduct, with regard to myself, that I ever was pleased with.

As this lady is the subject of my pen, I cannot refrain from giving you another anecdote of her, which plainly evinces, that had occasion required, as in the primitive times, she did not appear inclinable to die a martyr for the sake of her religion.

The honourable Mr. Loftus, afterwards Earl of Ely, paid his addressees to her during her widowhood, which met with a favourable reception, and they were married. But, as Juba says*,

“ Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
“ Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.”

The lady was thoughtless, and the gentleman unprincipled. For the latter being at length fully fated with the luscious banquet, wished to avail himself of the laws of Ireland, which consider a marriage between a member of the established church and a Catholic, as not binding. But the lady having but little faith, either in her religion or her intended spouse, had taken care to circumvent a step of that kind; for the day before their nuptials were to take place, she had thought fit to make a public recantation of the religion she professed. And this retaliation of his chicanery, occasioned him to be miserable for life.

Some have seemed to believe, that this union was not of a serious nature; but in my opinion it is scarcely credible, that a lively, beautiful, and accomplished woman, possessed of an independency, would sacrifice herself to a brute, suffer herself to be immured in the country, and bear to be treated with

* Cato, Act I. Scene IV.

uncommon

uncommon rigour, had the connection been less binding.

As one story brings on another, you must have patience with me whilst I repeat to you an impromptu of Lord Chesterfield's upon this lady ; which, I believe, has not been much hackneyed. Upon an anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, during his viceroyship, which is always observed as a grand *gala* in Dublin, she appeared at court in white satin, and had adorned herself with an unusual quantity of orange-coloured ribbands. Observing which, his excellency accosted her, and paid the following extempore compliment to her charms :

Pretty rebel, where's the jest,
Of wearing orange on your breast,
When that breast does still disclose
The whiteness of the rebel rose ?

G. A. B.

L E T T E R C V I.

Feb. 28, 1785.

TO the relation I gave you, in the first volume, of Doctor Walker's premature interment, I must beg leave to recite

* Vol. I. page 166.

here a circumstance of a similar nature, with which I have lately been made acquainted.

A lady of the name of Chaloner, who resided in some part of Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead, and the same hasty mode of burial was pursued with her corpse, as with that of my worthy friend the Doctor. Before any visible signs of that change, which denotes an impossibility of revival, took place, she was enclosed in her coffin, and laid in the family vault.

When it became necessary to open again the sacred repository, behold! to the astonishment, and infinite concern of the unhappy lady's relatives, it was found, that she had burst open the lid of her coffin; which could not have been effected without incredible exertion, and that she was sitting upright in it. This shocking event, it seems, has determined the family, whenever any branch of it dies, to have only a slight lid to the coffin, and that slightly tacked on.

But surely this precaution can answer no good purpose! for it would only occasion the unfortunate person whose lot it should happen to be, to experience the same revival, to go through a scene, if possible, more horrible and more agonizing. Like Juliet in the tomb of her fathers, newly awakened from her temporary decease, the being sensible of their situation; alone, unclothed, deprived of light and food, and enclosed within the narrow limits

limits of a vault, among the dead, without a possibility of relief; would only add to the horror of the scene, and render even the state of the lady who occasioned the precaution, an enviable one.

* After I had acquainted you with the circumstances of Doctor Walker's sudden death and hasty interment, contrary to his express desire and incessant wishes, I was naturally led to reflect on the impropriety of leaving those for whom we have a regard, through a false tenderness, to the care of nurses and servants; who, as I then remarked, are usually insensible to every claim but those of their own ease or interests.

To confirm the remark I then made, I will relate to you the circumstances of the late Mr. Holland's death. An event which plainly evinces the necessity there is, for some tender friend or affectionate relation to be with the indisposed, in order to administer every needful comfort in that trying moment, and to prevent as much as possible, the negligence and savage depredations which hireling nurses are generally guilty of.

This gentleman was so extremely ill upon the turn of the small-pox, and nature appeared to be so totally subdued by the powerful disease, that he was supposed by the nurse who attended him to be an inhabitant of the other

world. His corpse was of course stript by her, and laid out in the usual way.

The physician who had attended him, coming a few hours after, was, to his inexpressible surprise, informed that he was dead. As he had not entertained any apprehensions when last he was there of so sudden a change, he desired to see the state of the body. He was accordingly shown into the room, when he found that some symptoms of life remained. Upon which, he ordered the bed to be immediately warmed, and the body to be placed between the blankets.

This was done; and in about an hour, the unhappy young man gave signs of returning life; till at length he was able to utter, "I am in heaven!" But his blood had been so thoroughly chilled by the exposure of his body, through the precipitance of his rapacious nurse, and the fatal disease had so totally subdued the vital warmth, that every restorative measure which could be used, proved ineffectual! and he probably fell a sacrifice to the evil I have been lamenting. His dying exclamation, however, I hope was verified.

As I cannot impress this subject too much, having frequently seen the unhappy consequences of it, and at the same time to rescue my ideas from the melancholy train which the subject of premature interments, and rapacious nurses, has thrown them into, I will entertain you with a droll incident that happened to a friend

friend of Mr. Woodward's, by whom I have frequently heard it related.

This gentleman, whose name is Morgan, had brought himself, by an unremitting application to study, into an hypochondriacal way, which, at length attained to such a height, that he supposed himself upon the verge of the grave. The attendance of a nurse being now thought necessary, he sent for one of those unfeeling strippers of the dead.

The invalid's disorder, however, continued to gain ground, till at last he fancied he saw the grim monster, death, approach with hasty strides. As he one day lay in this dejected state, with his arms out of bed, the harpy that attended him cast her eyes upon his sleeve-buttons, which appeared to her to be of gold. But not being certain, her rapacity impelled her to ask the gentleman whether they were really of that valuable metal. Upon his answering in the affirmative, and concluding that she should now soon enter upon her favourite employment, she requested, that he would permit her to put him on one of his best shirts, that he might appear clean and decent when he died. At the same time she foolishly added, that whatever he had about his person, when he made his exit, was a perquisite belonging to her.

This was too much to be borne.—Under such a trial, the extremest patience, or most

confirmed hypochondria, could not stand against the sudden impulses of resentment—His nerves instantly recovered their usual tone—The blood flowed with its accustomed velocity—And his strength, which had only been suppressed by the force of the imagination, retrieved in a moment its elastic powers—The gentleman immediately leaped out of bed; sent the nurse about her business; forgot his indisposition; and has never since, that I have heard, had any return of the enervating disorder.

* As few of our sex can be totally indifferent to the attention that is paid them by the other, I gave you in a former letter some account of Mr. Jephson's *tendresse* for me, during my first excursion to Ireland. I should have added to the circumstances I then mentioned, the following; which, as I sat ruminating on the past incidents of my life, in order to be able to acquaint you with every thing material that I had omitted, has since recurred to my memory.

Some years after I had left that kingdom, Mr. Mossop informed me, that this amiable youth, with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, took my departure so much to heart, that he would sit up, for whole nights together, upon the steps belonging to the door of the house in which I had resided. In short, he

seemed to be in that state described by Thomson in the following lines * :

Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds;
Thro' flowry tempting paths; or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.

By this imprudent exposure of his person to the unwholesome dews of the night, he in a short time brought his health into such a dangerous state, from the repeated colds he took, that a disorder was the consequence, which ere long put a period to his life.

When he found his last hour approaching; he called his friend, Mr. Mossop, to his bedside, and earnestly requested of him, that he would place a small piece of ribband, which he constantly wore about him, next his heart, when he was dead, so that it might be buried with him.

Mr. Mossop, who was not much acquainted with the tender feelings of a lover, expressed his surprise at so odd a request, as he could not conceive what could be the virtue which lay in a bit of old ribband. Upon which the dying youth told him, that as he had not been so fortunate as to be able to procure a

* Spring, line 1103.

lock of my hair, for which he had frequently solicited, he had, by seeing my dresser, obtained that invaluable treasure; and such was his regard for the person to whom it had belonged, that if he thought he should be buried without it, his last moments would be imbittered by the apprehension.

Mr. Mossop, it may be supposed, complied with the last request of his young friend. And as he afterwards repeated the circumstance to me, he exclaimed, "So you see, madam, you have killed your man!" But as the insensibility he showed upon the occasion, was not in the least correspondent with my humane disposition, instead of relishing what he thought a *bon mot*, I could not help despising him for it; and testified the difference of our feelings, by paying a tribute of tears to the ill-fated youth, whose untimely death I found was attributed to me.

G. A. B.

LETTER CVII.

March 5, 1785.

*THE two Miss Gunnings, since so celebrated for their beauty, and the honours it procured them, having been menti-

* Vol. I. page 179, after line 21.

oned in the first volume, I must beg your permission to relate to you a singular anecdote concerning them and myself, which I have lately recollected. I say, *beg your permission*; because whilst the incident seems to carry with it the appearance of great *credulity* in me, the relation of it here will look as if I expected to find some degree of the same propensity in you.

But as the fact really happened, and I can vouch for the truth of it, I will give you the circumstances of it, just as they arose, without endeavouring to account for a prescience, the verity of which has since been confirmed with the most extraordinary punctuality. Her grace of Argyll, who was one of the *trio*, will, I doubt not, readily recollect the adventure.

The eldest Miss Gunning, conscious of her charms, even at that early period of her life, and wishing to know whether they would procure her that elevation which her youthful vanity taught her to hope for, prevailed upon me to accompany her and her sister Betsey, to a sybil, alias, a female fortune-teller, who, from some lucky discoveries she had made (probably through her having privately acquired a knowledge of the parties) was considered as an oracle throughout the whole city of Dublin. So great was the fame she had acquired by her reputed skill in prognostication, that she was dubbed with the
pre-

pre-eminent title of *Madam Fortune*, as if she was the blind directress of events herself, or her immediate representative.

That we might avoid, as much as possible, giving the prophets any clue by which to judge of our real situation in life, we all three habited ourselves in mean attire, and instead of going in the carriage, *walked* to her house. To add to the deception, I put on a wedding-ring, which I had borrowed of a friend for that purpose.

Upon Miss Molly's being ushered into her presence, she, without any hesitation, told her, that she would be *titled* (so she expressed herself) *but far from happy*.—When Miss Betsey appeared, she declared that she would be *great to a degree*, and that she would be happy in the connections which conduced to that greatness; but, from a want of health, (which alone can give value either to riches or grandeur) she would find a considerable abatement to that happiness. — When your humble servant presented herself, she said, I might take off the ring I wore, as I never was, nor ever would *be married*, unless I played the fool in my old age. To this she added, that opulence would court me, and flattery follow me; notwithstanding which, through my own folly, I should be brought to indigence.

I will not, as I said before, pretend to account for this extraordinary instance of anticipating

icipating future events; but a retrospection of the five preceding volumes of my life will prove, that the old sybil happened to be right in her predictions of the future fate of my two visitants, as well as myself. But so little heeded by me were the admonitions they ought to have conveyed, that I thoughtlessly ran on the rock I was cautioned to beware of, and unhappily split upon it.

I would not by this story be thought to countenance the numerous impostors, who, under the name of fortune-tellers, rob the credulous and unwary of their money and time. Far be a wish from me to add to the credulity which at present reigns among the weaker part of my own sex. Such is not my design in relating it; nor will it, I trust, have that effect. And, in order to mollify any censures which may arise, from my introducing into a work intended to instruct as well as entertain, any thing that seems to have a contrary tendency, I shall (as you have hitherto been pleased with my quotations) conclude the anecdote with the beautiful description * Otway has given of one of the divining fraternity, and shelter myself under so long established a precedent.

"Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,

"I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,

* Orphan, Act II. Scene IV.

"Picking

" Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
 " Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red ;
 " Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem'd wither'd ;
 " And o'er her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
 " The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
 " Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold ;
 " So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 " Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 " With different colour'd rags, black, red, white,
 yellow,
 " And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
 " I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me ;
 " Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
 " To save a sifter."

* Having, in the first volume, when I gave an account of Mr. Foote's arrival in Ireland *to give tea*, mentioned that I could never find out what analogy there was between tea and the talent of mimicry, I must inform you, that I have since been obliged by Mr. Wilkinfon, manager of the York company, with the following circumstances relative to it.

Our modern Aristophanes being, once upon a time, in so distressed a situation, that he must either strike some bold stroke to procure a subsistence, or starve, his fertile brain suggested to him this expedient. He advertised

* Vol. I. page 179.

that

that he would *give tea*, and the manœuvre succeeded to his wish.

Mr. Wilkinson adds, that he was obliged himself to have recourse to the same measure some years ago at Norwich; and he accordingly held out the same device on his benefit night. Attracted by so advantageous an allurements, and concluding that they were really to regale themselves upon tea, in addition to the usual theatrical repast, people flocked from all quarters to partake of the nouvelle entertainment.

The theatre, accordingly, soon overflowed. The only difficulty that appeared to damp their expectations, and which furnished them with a subject for conversation till the curtain drew up, was how Mr. Wilkinson could possibly procure a sufficient quantity of cups, saucers, and the other appendages of the tea equipage, for such a number of people. And in this doubt they remained, till, at length, to their inexpressible disappointment and chagrin, they found the promised treat to consist only of mimicry.

The imitations, of course, were neither *felt* nor *understood*; and the audience retired, much dissatisfied with their evening's amusement; and at the same time entertaining no very favourable opinion of the person who had thus, as they imagined, deceived them. And, even to this hour, there are many persons in and about Norwich, who do not fail,
whenever

whenever the supposed deception becomes the subject of conversation, to load the ingenious mimic with the opprobrious title of *pickpocket*.

G. A. B.

LETTER CVIII.

March 10, 1785.

THE frequent mistakes which I find I have made in the chronology of my theatrical anecdotes, will, I hope, be imputed to my reciting them, as I have already observed, entirely from memory; and the deviation, I trust, will be excused by you and my readers, as the incidents themselves, though perhaps erroneous in point of time, are real facts. And was I now to set about correcting the error, by an alteration of the dates, I fear, as many of them happened at so distant a period, such a step would only be productive of greater mistakes.

I have received some corrections on this head from Mr. Wilkinson, manager of the York Company; for which I acknowledge myself much obliged to him, though I cannot, for the reason just given, avail myself of them. As I have mentioned the name of that gentleman, I will entertain you with some anecdotes of him, which I think you will not be displeased with.

Mr.

Mr. Wilkinson, about ten years ago, was engaged by the managers of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Theatres, to play some nights with each of them. Being upon his journey from the former city to the latter, he stopped at the half-way house to dine; and, as I have given you in my "Apology," an account of my agreeable journey from the capital to the delightful city of Glasgow, I can, even now, accompany him, in idea, in his pleasing tour. When the dinner was served up, he found there was great plenty of provisions, and only himself to partake of it. The quality, indeed, of the several dishes, was not of the most dainty kind, the people of that country being in general not very particular in that point; as their giving me, upon my arrival in Edinburgh, a piece of coarse thornback for turbot, must have convinced you.

Mr. Wilkinson seeing the table thus spread with more viands than were sufficient for one person, rung for the master of the inn (the mistress, in that part of the world, seldom being visible, but to a favoured few) to inquire whether there was any company in the house, who would partake with him of the plentiful dinner, and pass a sociable hour with him after.

To this the host replied, that there was only one gentleman in the house; who, he dared say, would be glad of the offer, as soon as he came down stairs, which he was then
about

about to do. Upon Mr. Wilkinson's asking if he knew the name of the gentleman, the landlord readily told him it was Mr. Wilkinson, the Manager of the York Theatre, who was *walking, by choice*, to Glasgow, where he was engaged to perform a few nights.

Struck with this intelligence, the *real* Mr. Wilkinson informed his host, that there was not a man in the world for whom he had a greater regard than the manager of the York Company, and therefore should be extremely glad to see him. At the same time he could not help inquiring what was the reason of the manager's lying a-bed so late, it being then past four o'clock in the afternoon. He received for answer, that Sir John Sinclair and some of his friends having spent the preceding evening there, and hearing that so celebrated a performer was in the house, they had requested the favour of his company to sup with them. This invitation the pedestrian traveller had readily accepted; but unfortunately had * *smoked* so much, and made so free with the bottle, that it was with great difficulty he could be got to bed.

It must be supposed, that Mr. Wilkinson was not a little impatient to behold a person who had thus assumed his name. He accordingly requested that the gentleman might

* It is very unusual to call for pipes in Scotland, as well as in England, among gentlemen of any politeness.

be immediately introduced. When, to his no small surprise, in walked a figure, not the most *prévoyant* in his appearance, and who turned out to be Mr. Chalmers of the Norwich Company.

Mr. Wilkinson assured his name-fake that he was extremely glad to see him; but as it would have been imprudent in the highest degree, to suffer the counterfeit Sofia to carry on the deception any longer, an explanation, not of the most agreeable kind, took place. Chalmers finding himself thus detected, apologized for the liberty he had taken; and by way of excuse said, he thought the name of the Manager of the York Company a much better travelling name, and more likely to procure him *credit* on the road, than his own.

Naturally endowed with much good-nature, Mr. Wilkinson accepted the apology, notwithstanding the unwarrantable conduct of the other; and having granted his new companion forgiveness, they sat down together to dinner. This lenient conduct procured the real manager so many acknowledgments from the fictitious one, and so many bumper toasts to his health and prosperity, which, out of complaisance, he was obliged to pledge, that he began to find that a continuance of his courtesy would soon reduce him to the state his companion had been in, the night before, and compel him to lie till as late an hour the next day.

By

By this time, Chalmers had poured down his throat two bottles of Edinburgh ale, and more than a bottle of Port-wine, exclusive of several drams; and he was now bawling, like Trapani, for more. Such being the situation of things, Mr. Wilkinson thought proper to put a stop to it, by calling for the bill.

When it was brought, Chalmers, with great effrontery, considering what had passed, very composedly requested that his companion would pay the whole of it, promising to repay his share when he reached Glasgow, where he was engaged to play a few nights at a very high salary. As Mr. Wilkinson had intended to consider him as his guest, he discharged the bill, and ordered the chaise to be got ready immediately. And when it drew up to the door, Chalmers, without being in the least restrained by the offence he had given, requested that he might be permitted to make use of that conveyance to Glasgow.

This request the easy manager likewise complied with; but just as he was entering the chaise, another bill, to the amount of two pounds and upwards, was put into his hands, specifying that it was for sundries had by Mr. Wilkinson. Upon his inquiring of Chalmers, how the demand arose, he coolly told him, that he had found it necessary to regale himself there, during the two preceding

ceding days, in order to recover himself from the fatigue he had undergone in walking from Edinburgh, and to enjoy the beauties of the country.

Though Mr. Wilkinson did not much relish this part of the adventure, yet, believing that his new acquaintance was really engaged to play at Glasgow, as he had assured him, and that there was consequently a chance of his being reimbursed, he discharged this bill also. Nothing now retarding their journey, he would have set off; but his companion could not be prevailed on to stir, till he had tossed off two bottles more of the Edinburgh ale.

When they arrived at the end of their journey, being heartily tired of so disagreeable a companion, Mr. Wilkinson desired at the inn to be shewn into a room by himself; and immediately dispatched a messenger to the manager of the Glasgow Company, requesting to speak with him. As soon as that gentleman arrived, after the first salutations were over, he congratulated Mr. Wilkinson upon his recovery from the debauch he had committed the evening he was in company with Sir John Sinclair. This of course led to an explanation; when the Glasgow manager, justly incensed at such a flagrant fallacy, declared that he neither had, nor would by any means, engage the perpetrator of it.

The

The consequence was, that Chalmers, finding his delusive schemes prove unsuccessful, as indeed they generally do, he was obliged to have recourse to the humanity of the performers. A collection was accordingly made for him, to which my good-natured friend, notwithstanding the impositions which had been practised upon him, contributed his quota; thereby giving another proof of the extent of his good-nature.

I will here take the opportunity of adding a short description of the age, figure, manner, and deportment, of the gentleman who had been the subject of the foregoing anecdote. —Mr. Tate Wilkinfon was born on the 27th of October, in the year 1739. His person is tall; his countenance rather sportive than beautiful; and his manner agreeable. As to his theatrical talents, they are far above the common rank; he has infinite merit in comedy, and excels in mimicry.

His first appearance was in Dublin, in the year 1757, where he remained till the following year. He joined the Edinburgh Company in 1763, during the time I had a share in the management of it; where, by his unremitted application, and great merit in every line of the drama, he rendered himself a valuable acquisition to the community. To sum up the whole of his character in a few words, he has always been justly admired

as

as an actor, beloved as a man, and esteemed as a friend.

G. A. B.

LETTER CIX.

March 20, 1785.

* I informed you in my twenty-eighth letter, of the little fracas that happened between Mr. Quin and myself, relative to my playing the part of Selima in "Tamerlane," and my triumph upon the occasion. — But notwithstanding I had thus gained Mr. Quin's assent, the pleasure I received from the attainment of my wishes soon found an abatement. An accident happened during the representation, which had nearly rendered me a female Polypheme, and reduced me, like Lady Pentweazel's aunt, to one *Piercer*.

Mr. Lee, who performed the character of Axalla, approaching with too much violence to embrace me, and not being attentive to the position of his sword, which he held in his hand, the point of it ran into the corner of my right eye. It is usual for the performers to wear *foils* upon the stage; but by some mistake or other, that which Mr. Lee then used was a sword. The wound did not

* Vol. II. page 8.

indeed prove to be a dangerous one; but Mr. Town, of whom I have frequently made mention, observing the accident, and apprehending that the consequences of it would be worse than they really were, he ordered, in a peremptory manner, the curtain to be dropped, and the piece to be concluded.

Mr. Lee's name bringing it to my remembrance, I must relate an incident to you that happened some years after. Upon the demise of the late Princess of Wales, I was applied to to speak a monody which had been written upon the occasion, in conjunction with that gentleman, at Carlisle-House, then under the direction of Mrs. Cornellys.

With this request I complied, and made every needful preparation for fulfilling the duty I had undertaken, with all the powers I was mistress of. But alas! when the trying hour approached, I found, to my very great mortification, that my feelings totally bereaved me of those powers. The occasion revived in my mind, in such strong colours, the partiality her Royal Highness had formerly honoured me with, and the loss the public had sustained by the death of so valuable a personage, that I was unable to go through the melancholy task.

* The same season in which I had left York, at the request of Mr. Quin, to make my ap-

pearance once more at Covent-Garden, after my temporary retreat with Mr. Metham, Mr. Rich got up a new pantomime, which he called "The Fair," the most indifferent entertainment of that species he had ever fabricated.

In it he introduced a celebrated wire-dancer; a measure which greatly disgusted Mr. Quin. So much displeased was this gentleman, that after saying it was an *insult* offered to a Theatre-Royal, to put it upon a footing with Sadler's-Wells, he declared, that if the event took place, he would not appear in any piece that should precede it. Mr. Rich, who was, as I have already said, the most resolute of men, when once his natural indolence had permitted him to form a resolution, however, persisted in it, and it was accordingly brought out.

In order to make her court to the great man, Mrs. Woffington likewise refused to appear. Mr. Quin had not, at that time, come to an open rupture with her, as I informed you he soon after did. The refusal of this lady was reckoned the more extraordinary, and drew on her the greater degree of censure, as there was a report current, that when a child she had been what is usually termed a *make-weight* to Madam Violante, the first wire-dancer that ever appeared in Ireland.

Mr. Rich having met with this opposition from two of his capital performers, began to be apprehensive that I should follow their example. But I soon put an end to the manager's apprehensions on this score. For as I always considered it to be a duty incumbent on every performer to submit to the direction of their employer, in all his justifiable commands, I informed him, I had never entertained a thought of that nature. At the same time, as Mr. Lee then belonged to the company, I advised him to revive the play of "Romeo and Juliet," as altered by Mr. Sheridan, from Otway's "Caius Marius."

This advice Mr. Rich pursued, and found it to answer his purpose, as that piece ran many nights. And on his requesting me to *appear* upon the stage in the pantomime, I readily complied; and never received such reiterated applause in any character I ever performed. The success the manager met with in the prosecution of his plan, notwithstanding their opposition to it, made the two seceding performers, I have reason to believe, heartily repent of their nicety; for as it was evident, from the incessant plaudits the audience bestowed upon me, that they approved of my compliance, it is but reasonable to suppose, they were displeased at the non-appearance of Mr. Quin and Mrs. Woffington.

* The

* The last season I was at Drury-Lane Theatre, the success of the "Mourning Bride," in which I played Almeria, had been so very great, that Mrs. Clive was induced by it to appear in the character of Zara. And in my opinion, she played the part with infinitely more judgment than Mrs. Pritchard. But from some reason or other, for which I could never account, the public in general are seldom pleased when tragedians or comedians go out of their usual line of acting.

Mr. Woodward once gave me a proof of this, by informing me, that in his youthful days he was cast the part of Charles in the "Nonjuror;" but notwithstanding he performed it with the utmost propriety, the audience had been so accustomed to his appearing in ludicrous characters, such as Slender, Wittol, &c. &c. &c. that the moment they saw him come on, with the serious face the part required, they burst into an universal laughter; and continued to do so throughout the whole performance, whenever he appeared. This reception determined him never to attempt the Buskin in future, but to keep to the Sock, in which he was so justly admired.

* Vol. II, page 131.

To the same cause I attribute the imitable Clive not succeeding, as I have just informed you, according to her merit; for she always spread the face of joy and pleasure as the favourite daughter of Thalia. Mrs. Pritchard, in a certain comic line, possessed unrivalled merit; but I could never entertain the partiality for her, as a celebrated author, now living, did; who always chose her for the heroine of his pieces, in preference to the first tragic actresses that ever trod the stage, Mrs. Cibber, with whom Mrs. Pritchard could never be put in competition.

But opinion in these points is arbitrary, and we often adopt ideas from different causes; sometimes we do it from caprice; sometimes from a partiality for the person; and I have known several, who have persisted in what they first asserted, though directly contrary to their judgment, lest they should incur the censurable charge of instability.

G. A. B.

LETTER CX.

March 27, 1785

* ABOUT this time happened the dreadful earthquake which destroyed the city of Lisbon. And having by me a letter I received from my brother, Captain O'Hara, (who was there when the fatal catastrophe took place) which contains some interesting circumstances relative to it, that I believe have not been made public; though it might appear at this distant period rather out of date, I cannot forbear giving you a copy of it.

By you, Madam, I am well assured, a renewal of so awful a theme will not be considered as ill-timed; nor will it, I trust, by the generality of my readers. I shall, therefore, without any further apology, give it you underneath.

Though in the instance of the Tower of Siloam, there is reason to believe from our Saviour's observation on the incident, that those on whom it fell were not more deserving of so untimely a fate than the unhurt spectators, there is too much reason to apprehend, that the Auto de Feé's, so frequent among the Portuguese and Spaniards, and

* Vol. II. page 205.

the cruelties exercised by those bigotted nations, upon the natives of their colonies, drew down upon them this mark of the Divine displeasure.

True religion teaches mercy, and excites its faithful votaries to win the erring by conviction, not compulsion; and happy would it be, if the lenient doctrines of the worthy Mr. Archer, who endeavours to convert by persuasions, not anathemas, were more generally adopted. To convince you he can work miracles, he inspired me to turn Poetess. As you, as well as many of my readers, may not have seen the lines, though inserted in the Morning Chronicle, I send them to you. It is my first essay, so you will spare me.

Upon hearing the Reverend Mr. Archer's
Discourse in Advent.

While thy sweet voice announces truths divine,
We feel our God in his disciple shine.
Proceed, *Great Seer*, in moderation's plan,
To serve thy Maker by reclaiming man:
Thy lenient words *transfixes* in the heart,
Thou first of *archers*, for we *blest* the dart.

But to return to the alarming dispensation
that has given rise to the foregoing reflections,
which my much-regretted friend, Thomson,
enumerates

enumerates among the evils of the torrid zone, and thus forcibly describes* ;

“ And roused within the subterranean world,
“ Th’ expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
“ Aspiring cities from their solid base,
“ And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.”

Earthquakes, it is well known, are supposed to owe their destructive operations to several causes—Nay, smile not, my dear friend, at my entering upon a discussion of such a nature. I told you, as you may remember, in a former letter, that I once attended Lectures of Philosophy ; and the subject I am upon, reviving in my remembrance some traces of what I then heard, and female vanity tempting me to take advantage of the occasion to make a little display of my erudition, you must permit me to proceed.

Earthquakes, I say, sometimes proceed from the convulsive struggles of subterranean fires, and sometimes from commotions generated, by some means or other, in the ocean. That they proceed from internal fires is evident from numberless instances, but more particularly from a recent one ; from the vegetation (if I might so express myself) of the Burning Island, that made its appearance near Iceland soon after the late direful con-

* Thomson’s Summer, line 1068.

cussions in Calabria. It is not improbable, but that there may be a communication between Mount Hecla, though situated in those frozen regions, and the more southern volcanoes of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. During that internal combustion, the fire being impelled with great violence from the latter to the former, and finding some obstruction in its passage, an ebullition probably took place, and produced the island, that was soon after perceived to rise by degrees out of the sea.

On the contrary, the concussions that happened at Lisbon, and indeed in all the adjacent parts, seem to have arisen from another cause. The effects felt, not only upon the sea-coasts, but on large bodies of water at a great distance from the sea, and that in different countries, seem to prove, that they were produced by an aqueous convulsion of nature.

As the lakes and ponds in the inland parts, which were agitated, appear from this to have had a communication by certain subterranean passages, pervious by water, with the Atlantic Ocean; it is more than probable, that all the places destroyed, or greatly affected, were situated over immense caverns that communicate with the sea, and lying in the same latitude, felt the immediate force of the combustion which took place.

But

But why, methinks, I hear you say, do you detain me so long from the letter you promised to treat me with? To tell you the truth, Madam, I was so wrapped up in my own scientific importance, that I had almost forgot my promise. I shall, however, now, after having hastily entreated your pardon, copy it from the original.

“ Lisbon, Nov. 12, 1755.

“ DEAR SISTER,

*“ I sit down to relate to you the dreadful
“ catastrophe that has befallen the once-
“ flourishing city of Lisbon, now a scene of
“ horror and desolation. On the first day
“ of this month, at half past nine in the
“ forenoon, a sudden earthquake shook its
“ foundations, and laid it in ruins. At this
“ fatal hour, the churches were crowded;
“ and as their fall was momentary, and al-
“ lowed no time for retreating, those who
“ were in them were crushed to death.*

*“ It is impossible to describe the affrighted
“ looks of the inhabitants, flying various
“ ways to avoid destruction. Numbers
“ flocked to the river's side, in hopes to save
“ their lives by means of the boats. The
“ custom-house quay was imagined to be a
“ place of safety; but unhappily it was soon
“ inundated, and those who fled to it, only*

“ escaped from the falling city, to meet a
“ watery grave. Fathers and mothers were
“ seen seeking their children, and children
“ searching for their parents. Some got over
“ to the Algarve side, the opposite shore;
“ and from the hurry and confusion that ensued, did not join their friends and relations
“ for many days after.

“ The Earl of Drumlanrig was at Lisbon
“ at the time, for the recovery of his health.
“ His Lordship felt a kind of rumbling in
“ his room, but had not time to give it any
“ consideration, when Doctor Scrafton, an
“ eminent physician, in whose house his
“ lordship resided, rushed into the apartment,
“ and hastily cried out, ‘ My dear lord, follow me, it is an earthquake!’ They were
“ scarcely clear of the house before it fell;
“ and the clouds of dust raised by its fall, separated them.

“ His lordship was now left alone, to
“ scramble over fallen houses, and every
“ moment in danger of being crushed by
“ those falling on all sides. In this situation
“ his lordship fortunately met with a person,
“ who, from his appearance, was an Englishman; to whom the noble earl addressed himself, and asked his way to Sancta
“ Marta, the residence of the British envoy,
“ making known to him, at the same time,
“ his name and quality.

“ The

“ The honest man conducted his lordship
“ over the roofs of the houses, then in ruins,
“ and at length found their way to the Ruccio,
“ a large square, from whence a road leads to
“ Santa Marta. The poor fellow, who was
“ a Watch-maker, having lost his all, his
“ lordship amply rewarded his attention ;
“ and more particularly so, as he had told
“ the earl, at their first meeting, that they
“ would live or die together. And here I
“ must add, that many who were houseless,
“ penniless, and completely wretched, found
“ relief from the nobleness of his lordship’s
“ heart. Even some orders of knighthood
“ received the bounty of his hand.

“ Several persons were dug alive out of
“ the ruins, who had remained two or three
“ days in vaults and cellars, and were found
“ out by their lamentable cries and groans.
“ In scenes of general confusion, villainy
“ and rapine will predominate. In order to
“ plunder with the greater security, the city
“ was fired in many places ; so that what
“ the earthquake spared, was destroyed by
“ the conflagration. The convents, in ge-
“ neral, fell. Some of the nuns, half bur-
“ ried, were dug out of the ruins ; many
“ were killed, and others treated with great
“ brutality.

“ Father O’Kelly, who afterwards took a
“ passage in our ship to Leghorn, was, during
“ the earthquake and conflagration, in a
“ most

“ most dreadful situation. His convent had
“ three of its walls levelled to the ground.
“ He retreated to a balcony in the fourth,
“ calling a long time for help. At length,
“ some compassionate and resolute people
“ brought a ladder, by which he descended.

“ During the earthquake, the Tagus was
“ most violently agitated. A merchant ship,
“ under the pilotage of an Englishman, by
“ name Maskall, was left dry on the bar,
“ through the sea coming in mountain high ;
“ and by its revolving, almost instantaneously,
“ she was floated out to sea.

“ Great quantities of plate and jewels,
“ which decorated their splendid churches,
“ were all lost ; particularly in that of St.
“ Paul’s, a large diamond cross in a por-
“ phyry chest, esteemed inestimable. Many
“ ladies were reduced to a petticoat and
“ cloak, and happy to take shelter in the
“ shipping on the river ; others to lie in
“ gardens on the bare ground. And, though
“ strange to tell, yet true, the hair of your
“ sister-in-law, through terror, from a lovely
“ auburn became quite grey. So great was
“ the terror the shocking scene occasioned
“ in her mind, that even when she returned
“ to London, she could not conquer her
“ fears ; for upon the shaking of a house by
“ a dray or cart, she always, for a consider-
“ able length of time after, ran into the
“ street.

“ I must,

" I must, though on so serious a subject,
" inform you of the following droll circum-
" stance : Our carpenter and his crew being
" gone on shore to build a booth, or tem-
" porary house, for Doctor Scrafton, I was
" surprised to find them return one morning
" early, in great haste. Upon their ap-
" proaching the ship, they hailed her most
" vociferously ; and when they came on
" board, I demanded why they had come
" of? ' Off!' replied the carpenter, ' why
" it is the devil's country, I think ; the
" house is down.' ' Down! returned I,
" then carpenter you must go and rebuild
" it.' ' I must obey orders, to be sure, said
" the carpenter, but damn me if I lie on
" shore.'

" Thus, my dear sister, have I given you
" as good an account of this dreadful event,
" as time will permit ; and be assured, I am
" at all times,

" Your most affectionate brother,

" JAMES O'HARA."

" P. S. Since writing the above, I have
" accompanied Admiral Broderick over most
" part of the ruins of this city, lately famous
" for its wealth and commerce. Never did
" any eye behold so awful, so tremendous,
" and

“ and so solemn a scene. The moon, which
“ was then at the full, shining resplendently
“ on the Tagus, gave us a night view of this
“ wreck of nature.

“ The howling of the dogs, the stench of
“ the dead bodies, together with the gloom
“ which now and then diffused itself around,
“ from the moon’s being sometimes obscured,
“ gave me some idea of that general crash,
“ when sun and moon shall be no more ; and
“ filled my mind with meditations, that only
“ such a scene could inspire.

“ In our tour, we found one small house,
“ a mere cottage, which had escaped the ge-
“ neral destruction. It belonged to an Eng-
“ lish Tanner. Thus does the simple willow
“ stand, whilst the stately oak submits its lofty
“ head to the rude blasts of Boreas. One
“ circumstance is worthy of remark. The
“ mechanism of a clock stopped at half past
“ nine, the time the earthquake began, the
“ hand still pointing to the hour ; and had it
“ not been pulled down, as it has since been,
“ it would have served as a perpetual memento
“ of the fatal stroke.”

I must beg your permission to detain you
a few minutes longer on this subject, whilst
I just observe, that the diamond cross and
porphyry chest, mentioned by my brother in
the foregoing letter, seem to be the cross and
coffer, of which I have met with the fol-
lowing account, and which are worthy of a
more

more particular notice than he had time to take of them. As they appear to have been extraordinarily curious, I think a description of them will not prove unacceptable.

“ In the Conventu di Gratia, belonging to the Augustine Friars, was a very valuable cross, and rich coffer. The coffer, in which the host was always kept, was a present made by the Great Mogul upon the following occasion. A Portuguese general at Goa, having performed some remarkable services in the wars in the East-Indies, and refused a number of presents, offered to him upon that account, was at length prevailed upon to accept of this casket (in which the Mogul usually kept his jewels) filled with gold dust and precious stones.

“ The pious Portuguese had no sooner received it, than he made a present of the whole to this convent. Of the gold dust they made a cross of solid gold, near three feet long, and adorned it with the precious stones. Most lapidaries, who have seen the casket, were at a loss to know what stone it was, but were of opinion it was a species of crystal, not to be met with in any other part of Europe. It was three feet long, two feet wide, and twenty inches high. There were eight pillars of rock crystal in its two fronts, and six at each end. Within it were three other cases,
“ the

“ the outermost of which was of silver gilt,
“ enclosing two others of gold. It was sup-
“ ported in the arms of two cherubims
“ made of silver, each eight feet high,
“ with large wings of six feet broad, and
“ four feet long, which were expanded and
“ contracted by clock-work.—And this in-
“ valuable curiosity shared in the general
“ devastation.”

G. A. B.

L E T T E R C X I .

April 4, 1785.

AS you was pleased to express your approbation of my brother's letter, relative to the earthquake at Lisbon, I will take the liberty to present you with the copy of one I received from him, some few years ago, of a different nature. That tended to inspire you with horror, and melancholy ideas; and it is but a justice I owe you, to endeavour to exhilarate your spirits in return, from the same source, in order to make the balance even. You accordingly have it as follows:

“ MY DEAR SISTER,

“ IF you waited supper for me last night,
that good sense you so abundantly abound
with,

with, was at least a mile from you. Being in company with the honourable Mr. W. B.* and some other men of spirit, they took it into their heads to divert themselves with throwing small-shot against the windows and show-glasses of those peaceable people, who preserve decorum, in order to be chose Lord-Mayor.

"We accordingly sallied forth for this purpose; but in the exercise of our pleasantry, the myrmidons of the night made free with our persons, and carried us before the magistrate of the night. When we entered the watch-house, the great man thus addressed his officiating dependants. "So, watchmen, I see as how you have been *wigilant*! What have these fine gentry been about? No good, I suppose." One of our guardians replied, "Why, Mr. Constable, you must know they have been breaking windows and show-glasses, and disturbing folks, and the king's peace." Oh! ho! matter enough," exclaimed the constable; "we'll see what the justice will say to them in the morning."

"Upon my denying that we had broke any windows or show-glasses, as it was only sparrow-shot that had been thrown, he thus interrupted me, "You! you deny, indeed, you black-looking dog, you! You have

* The honourable Walsingham Boyle.

"face

“face enough to deny any thing, and swear to it afterwards.” To which I returned, “You may at least treat me with good manners, Mr. Constable. Pray, fir, can you read?” “Read!” replied he, “ay, and write too, I’d have you to know.” “I make no doubt, fir, of your erudition,” said I. “Addition!” retorted the gentleman, “yes, fellow! I understand addition and multiplication too. Don’t insult me upon my office, don’t.”

“I then pulled out a key, and said, ‘Then, Sir, do me the honour to look on this key.’—‘Key! what’s this! a crown and G. R.?’—‘Yes, fir! pray take the trouble to read further.’—‘Let’s see, let’s see; R^t with a t at top; what’s that?’—‘An abridgment, fir, for *Right*.’—‘Don’t tell me of your regiment; I believe you will be found Right Rogues. H, O, N, with an le a top! What the devil is this your conjuring key?’—‘No, fir, what you have read stands for Right Honourable.’—‘L and a D a top; why this is higglers-grifficks, as neighbour Thompson calls it at our club.’—‘You mistake, fir! It is in the whole, Right Honourable Lord Henry —.’”

“Here Mr. Constable started; and, staring like the sign of the Saracen’s head, exclaimed, ‘O Lord! O Lord! Watchman! you *wil-lain*! what have you done? I shall punish you for daring to take up a lord.’—‘Yes, fir,

“sir, said I, and I shall punish *you* for daring
“to detain a peer of the realm.”—“My
“lord, I ask your lordship’s pardon. I did
“not know your lordship’s worship’s qua-
“lification. Oh! you dog of a watchman!
“what a priming mire have you brought me
“into! Was there no street-walkers, no va-
“gabones, but you must take up a lord? I
“shall be in the Tower to-morrow, or in
“Newgate, I suppose,”—“Well, sir, now
“you know my quality, I suppose I may
“depart.”—“O! yes. Here, watchman,
“light his lordship’s worship down the
“steps. Shall he light your honour home,
“or call a chair? And I once more beg your
“lordship’s pardon.”—“Sir, I excuse it,
“and only desire you would tell your people
“to be more cautious for the future. And
“pray, Mr. Constable, a word with you.
“Those men in the other room I met by
“accident last night; I took them for gen-
“tlemen; but engaging at cards with them,
“I find them sharpers. They have pigeoned
“me out of my money. Pray, secure them,
“and I’ll call in the morning to prosecute
“them. My money I despair of recover-
“ing; yet, unless they can give a good ac-
“count of themselves, which I doubt, I will
“hamper them.”—“Depend upon it, my
“lord, I’ll secure them.”—“Good night,
“Mr. Constable.”—“Good night, my
“lord.”

“Thus,

“ Thus, by having Lord ——’s key of the Green-Park in my pocket, and a lucky thought, I got clear. My companions missing me, asked the constable, “ Where’s O’Hara ?” “ Who ?” “ Why O’Hara, brought in with “ us ?” “ His lordship you mean. I have “ asked his honour’s pardon, and discharged “ him ; and his lordship knowing I acted “ through ignorance of his quality, has par- “ doned the mistake.”

“ After a hearty laugh, they told the constable I was an officer ; but no lord they assured him. “ Tell them so that knows no “ better ; why, I saw the key, and the G. R. “ and the medal to it, with the crown. Why, “ he is of the bed-chamber ; but I’ll take care “ of you, for a set of gamblers, as you are. “ You will hear from my lord to-morrow. “ He will be here to prosecute, I’ll assure “ you.” “ Gamblers, sir, we are men of “ rank and fortune. He has imposed on “ you. Neither had your people any right “ to molest us, for a very innocent frolic. “ No damage was done ; had there, we are “ able and willing to pay for it ; and insist upon “ it, if you wont discharge us, send for the “ Master of the —— Tavern ; he knows us “ very well ; and his lordship, as you call “ him.” “ So he’s no lord, then ?” “ Not “ he ! he is a naval officer.” “ O the dog ! if “ ever he comes into my clutches again, I’ll “ put him in the cage for all passengers to

"look at. Why, he has hummed me finely." Their acquaintance arriving, they all went home; and laughed heartily at the constable, and my playing them such a trick.

I am,

My dear GEORGE ANNE,

with much affection,

your fond brother,

Broad-Street,
December 1, 1775.

JAMES O'HARA."

As no person can be more ready to acknowledge their errors, or to ridicule their own foibles than I am, I will now give you an anecdote of myself, which, among a variety of others, that I could have wished to have inserted in the preceding volumes, escaped my recollection. I have, in one of my early letters, given you an instance of my vanity's being humbled; I mean, by Pope, when I went to Twickenham, to repeat to him a part of his Translation of the Iliad. I will now give you a more recent instance of its being punished in another manner; and which, though it may extort a smile from you, had like to have cost your humble servant very dear.

dear? It happened about three years before I left Parliament-Street.

Having received some ridiculous compliments upon the beauty of my hand, and my vanity not being a little augmented thereby, I determined to try every art in my power to render it more conspicuously white, and more worthy of the praises that had been bestowed upon it. Accordingly, in order to attain this grand point, which I then thought of the utmost consequence, I sent to Warren's, the perfumer, for a pair of chicken-gloves.

When I had obtained these wonder-working coverings, I drew them on as I went to rest; and with some difficulty prevailed upon Clifford to fasten my hands to the bed's-head, to accelerate the wished-for effect. Thus manacled, and pleasing myself with the expectation of finding my project succeed, I fell asleep. But, O dire to tell, I had not become the vassal of Morpheus above two hours, when I awoke, and found that I had totally lost the use of my right hand.

Alarmed by the accident, I hastily called my maid, who lay in an adjacent room, to come and unshackle me; and finding, when my arms were at liberty, that my apprehensions were too true, I ordered her to send immediately for one of the faculty. In about half an hour, a gentleman came; and upon being informed of the terrible calamity that had befallen me, and the dreadful disappointment

ment I had experienced, he, laughing, told me, that he would take such methods as should effectually cure my white hand. And this he executed according to the letter of his promise: for he applied to my arm a mustard blister, which extended from my shoulder to my finger's end. An application that was not only attended with excruciating pain, but was productive of great mortification; for both the public and myself were debarred from the pleasure of viewing the beauty I so much prided myself in, for a long time, as I was obliged to wear gloves during the remainder of the winter.

I believe you will readily agree with me, Madam, that there are few of the frailties to which human nature is liable, that so justly deserves to be punished, as vanity; and, indeed, it is but seldom that it escapes some degrading accidents or other. Those who give way to the impulses of this passion, seldom find the incense that is offered up to it any way adequate to their expectations; disappointment and disgust consequently succeeds; and thus does a certain punishment follow the indulgence of it. How much to be pitied are those wretched beings, who arrogate to themselves a superiority over their fellow-creatures, from the possession of any of the immediate gifts of nature! As these are merely accidental, though they are to be thankfully received, they are not to be prided in. And it will be

found, I believe, upon examination, that nature has distributed her gifts in a pretty equal proportion to every individual ; for it is observable, that where there appears to be a deficiency in the personal accomplishments, these are made up in mental endowments ; and *vice versa*.

As confession, Madam, is the most humiliating situation I ever experience, I now tell you of my error, as a severe as well as a laughable consequence of my fault. Oh goodness ! why do we ever forget thy paths, when only true happiness can be achieved by pursuing thee ! Thou sweet dictator of the human breast, as soon as we lose sight of thee, we forfeit our happiness *here as well as hereafter*.

Come then, thou divine influencer of tranquillity, and restore the daughter of folly to thy arms. I feel, I feel thy impulse and thy lenity ; and think I hear thee say, approach *thou*, misled in error, and find peace in repentance, and in my fond bosom. The arrogance of power, the smile of superiority, are equally contemptible. And though I have shed the tear of gratitude, which has often oppressed me, I never felt insolence, though attended with a benefaction, that my whole soul has not been awakened to contempt for the donor, and hurt at the depravity of human feelings.

When we consider that humanity is the *first* and most rational of all sentiments ; that
we

we are equally obliged to the poor as the rich; and the self-satisfaction of making others happy; that civility at least *costs nothing*; it is a wonder to me, that any creature can be devoid of either. But let them search their own bosoms, and they will find a want of that tranquillity which is the resident of a perfect and feeling mind.

Were these ideas only the effects of my present situation, it might be alleged, I pleaded for myself. But, *invariable* in my sentiments of humanity, I can, without a blush, affirm, they were ever the same. And were I at the highest pinnacle of human splendor, would continue so. Happy, thrice happy, am I, that I have found favour from benevolent bosoms, though a being of error and misfortune.

G. A. B.

L E T T E R C X I I .

April 12, 1785.

*T H E season after the death of the late Prince of Wales, I ought to have introduced to your knowledge a person, who was more conspicuous for his oddity than

* Vol. II. page 114.

for his theatrical talents ; as the latter would have been held in but little estimation, had he not been the son of the justly celebrated Colley Cibber.

During the time of the second mourning for his Royal Highness, the following ludicrous event happened. The old gentleman being one day in the Green-Room, and observing his son to enter, dressed in a *black* satin coat and breeches, with *white* satin *apparements*, and a waistcoat trimmed with silver frogs, he inquired of him what character he performed that night. To which the *young* man, who had now attained his *fiftieth* year, replied, "None, Sir."

Struck with the oddity of his appearance, the father, having taken a pinch of snuff, with a very solemn air, such as would have become Sir Novelty Fashion, then asked him what made him appear in so singular a dress? "Taste, Sir, taste," answered the youth, with his usual pertness. Upon which the sire being now highly exasperated at the absurdity and impertinence of the son, exclaimed, with the most sovereign contempt in his tone and manner, "Then, I pity you!" "Don't pity me, Sir," replied Theophilus, turning upon his heel, at the same time, with the utmost effrontery, "Pity my tailor."

As another trait of this gentleman's character, I must inform you, that he had such a passion for being talked of, that he inquired
of

of his servant what the world said of him ; and upon the domestic's telling him that they did not entertain the most favourable opinion of him, the Foppington of the time replied, " Well ! let them but speak of me at all, and " I shall be satisfied."

When this oddity was formed, Nature certainly was not in the best of humours ; as he was not able, like Mr. Collins* (of whom I think I have formerly made mention) *to boast of his liberal gifts*. To a short squat figure, was joined an enormous head, with the most frightful face I ever beheld. The latter endowment was, indeed, frequently of service to him ; as, in his acting, he made ugliness to pass for grimace : besides which, he substituted pertness and assurance for wit and humour. I scarcely need to inform you, I suppose, that this extraordinary character was unfortunately drowned in his passage to Ireland, and that his body was afterwards taken up on the coast of Wales, embracing his favourite *dulcinea*.

* Whilst I had a share in conducting the Edinburgh Theatre, this gentleman applied to me, among many others, to be engaged. His application was made by letter, and thus began. "*Conscious of nature's liberal gifts*, I apply to you for an engagement." And upon my writing to inform him, that I was ready to engage him at two guineas a week, I was honoured, by the next post, with the following laconic epistle. " I can only say, with Archer, I live better as I am."

I must beg your patience whilst I finish my picture of this strange personage, by adding, that he was a compound of meanness and extravagance. He was profuse without being generous; and would borrow money from every one of his contemporaries (notwithstanding he had a very considerable appointment) and that without the smallest intention of ever repaying them.

The regard I had for his father introduced him to me. But his demands were so frequent, that, at length, tired out, I gave him a sum, that he might never *borrow* of me again. I must just observe, that most persons, particularly too many of those belonging to the Theatres, have *two* characters: How different this from the inimitable Shuter! who, though he fell a victim to his inebriety, had a heart fraught with every social virtue; and was so generous, that he could never suffer distress to go unrelieved, as far as lay in his power, while he possessed a shilling.

How amiable such a character, when contrasted with the portrait I have just been drawing! One possessed of an open, generous disposition, ever ready to extend his hand to the relief of the unfortunate, and no person's enemy but his own; the other mean, selfish, and artful, always upon the watch to take advantage of the benevolent and unsuspecting, and ever enveloped in duplicity and falsehood. But as they are both gone to receive the reward

ward of their actions, I should not thus have pointed out the contrast, had it not been from a hope, that the document may prove instructive.

I have already informed you, that the reverend Mr. Archer inspired me with rhyming; but, like all dabblers, I have not stopt there; and, conscious of your partiality, shall send you some lines I lately wrote to the reverend Mr. Wharton, with the reverend Mr. Pilling's answer to his pamphlet.

Wharton ! from thy delusive dream
Return unto thy God ;
Attentive read this blessed scheme,
Or dread the avenging rod.

Pilling, vell-vers'd in Christian lore,
Appears ; and must confound thee ;
Has prov'd thy chaff, given us true ore,
Be calm, he will not wound thee.

Fair reason with conviction speaks,
He pours in balm to heal thee,
Thy wand of sophistry he breaks,
But wishes to retrieve thee.

In piety's sweet garb he comes,
And brings thee truths divine ;
Votary of God ! it well becomes
In such a cause to shine.

Weak superstition hides her head,
Even falsehood now is daunted;
Fair orthodox is in their stead,—
Oh shame! what thou hast wanted.

This volume, my dear Madam, will consist, in a great measure, of what may be termed *fragments*, from my not being able to preserve that connection I could in the preceding volumes, having but little narrative to bind the wreath together. There, whilst I pursued the story of my own woes, and all the varying circumstances of my life, I could wander out of the plain path as often as I thought proper; and, having taken a turn or two in the shrubberies of digression, picked up here a reflection, and there gathered a quotation; return again, and jog on towards the end of my journey.

But here I cannot do the same; for which, I flatter myself, you will make due allowance: and, if inspired by that kind partiality you have expressed for the preceding part of my work, you should peruse this also with an eye of friendship and candour, and shall reap some amusement from the contents, however unconnected and various, I shall esteem my time well bestowed.

Having written this palliative introduction, which I hope will not prove ineffectual, both with regard to yourself and my readers, I shall proceed to give you another theatrical anecdote,

dote, which, though it has no connection with my own concerns, exhibits a scene so truly laughable and ridiculous, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating it.

Miss R. White was a pupil of Mr. Rich's; and, during her initiation, Mr. O'Brien, of Drury-Lane Theatre, gave her some instructions, how to perform with propriety the character of Sylvia, in the Recruiting-Officer. One day, as he was thus employed, observing that the young lady misconceived his direction, and repeated a passage very improperly, he told her she ought to consider that the part she was speaking was a *parenthesis*, and required a different tone of voice, and a greater degree of volubility, than the rest of the sentence.

"A *parenthesis*!" said Miss White, "what's that?" Mrs. White, who happened to be present, hearing this question of her daughter's, and blushing that she should thus betray her ignorance, instantly broke out into the following polite and sensible exclamation! "O! what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! What, not know the meaning of *prentice*? Why, prentice, Ma'am, is the plural number of *prentices*. O! you'll make the devil of an actress!"

G. A. B.

LETTER CXIII.

April 16, 1785.

* **H**AVING mentioned in a former letter, that Mr. Smith had played Lord Foppington, permit me now to make some addition to what I then said upon the subject. His performance of that character was so much beyond expectation, that I have often wondered he did not pursue that line of acting. Nor is his excellence in performing the part, my only motive for introducing that gentleman again to your notice ; it is likewise to give you a specimen of his wit, and his promptitude to take advantage of an incidental circumstance, which the character gave him an opportunity of doing.

Mrs. Hamilton's refusal to play for my benefit (as already related) brought on a conversation in the Green-Room ; during which, I foolishly said, " I never am two
" hours in the same mind ; for the divine
" Shakspeare, as well as Rollin, have painted
" Cleopatra, as actuated by the same senti-
" ment."

Mr. Smith, who was present, did not let so singular a declaration pass unnoticed, and he

instantly determined to make a proper advantage of it. Accordingly, as we were playing together the characters of Lord Foppington and Lady Betty Modish, upon my making the apology in the last scene, with an inexpressible grace, and a nonchalance which happily became the character, he made me the following reply: after respectfully bowing, he said with a smile, "O, Madam! I beg your ladyship will not be under the confusion of an apology on my account, for I am never surprised but when a lady continues in the same mind two hours together. It was that enchanting variety which captivated the imperial Anthony, and made him think *a world well lost* in gaining Cleopatra."

I could not help laughing at the humorous impromptu, and the audience, although they were unacquainted with the circumstances that had occasioned it, showed, by their loud plaudits, their approbation of it.

* The season after I broke my arm, and in which I made my re-appearance in Rutland, as I have informed you, Mrs. Gregory, afterwards Mrs. Fitzhenry, a pupil of Mr. Sparks, debuted in Hermione. She promised to be a valuable performer, though not in the spring of youth, nor of the first degree of elegance. Her figure was showy, but not delicate; her voice had power without sweetness; yet there

was something in the *tout ensemble*, which made her appear, for some little time, with reputation.

She played the character of Alicia, that season, for Mr. Spark's benefit and mine; and the next, appeared in Zara for that of her instructor; when I performed Almeria.

Upon this lady's return from Ireland, some years after the æra I speak of, she appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the character of Calista; and I was very much concerned to find, that she was not received with that eclat I hoped for. Indeed, I entertained the most sanguine expectations that she would meet with a favourable reception, from the time we played together in the "Distrest Mother." So much interested was I in her success, that when, in the character of Andromache, I again resumed my regalia, we were mutually obliged to part with some portion of our finery, behind the scenes, as she was not at that period in possession of jewels. I have often inquired about this lady, but for years have not been able to get any intelligence relative to her.

I think I have indisputably proved in the preceding volumes, that my dislike of Mr. Calcraft, and my subsequent behaviour to him, principally arose from the unwarrantable impositions he had been guilty of in forming the union which took place between us, and from
his

his mean, ungenerous, and even dishonest conduct towards me afterwards.

That our differences did not arise solely from the impropriety of *my* behaviour to him, notwithstanding some reports which have been circulated by my enemies to the contrary, is plainly evinced from the tenor of all his letters to me; which, even when he appears to have had the greatest cause for resentment and re- crimination, if such a cause existed, breathe forth nothing but tenderness and affection.

As I have inserted only * one of them before, and I find the suggestions of prejudice are not yet totally suppressed (as there will always be those whose love of detraction will overbalance their candour) I shall copy another of them for their perusal. This, which was one of the last I received from him, I flatter myself will prove to them (you my dear Madam want no proofs) and that in terms as forcible and explicit as language can convey, that my conduct, admitting the imprudences I have acknowledged myself guilty of, have not been such as warranted any upbraidings, or could lessen his regard for me. It was written to me, as you will see by the contents, after I had left England on my last excursion to Ireland, and after our dissensions had nearly attained their full height. It runs thus:

* Vol. IV. page 1.

Jan: 17, 1761.

My dearest Georgina,

PACKET after packet arrives from Ireland without a letter from you: why won't you write, and fully. I never am so well pleased as when I hear fully from you; nor ever so uneasy as when I do not.—The children are both well, and charming ones. I have been with my brother to Poole, this week, and secured his election, I hope, without opposition. Pray do write. You don't know the distress your neglect occasions to

Your's, ever and ever,

(Signed) J. C."

G. A. B.

LETTER CXIV.

April 20, 1785.

*THE following droll incident was related to me by Foote, who was himself a witness to the entertaining scene. It happened, during my last tour to the Continent, of which I have given you an account.

* Vol. IV. page 287.

I wish

I wish I could convey to you, in this epistolary narration, a tithe of the humour with which that favourite son of Momus repeated it to me ; but as that is not in my power, I will tell it you in the best manner I can.

The late Sir Thomas Robinson was usually called *long* Sir Thomas, not only from there being another person who bore exactly the same name and title, but also from his uncommon tallness, which was rendered the more conspicuous by his being almost as thin as a skeleton. To this was added, the most uncouth and awkward carriage that can be conceived. In short, he was not much unlike the figure which is so finely depicted in the last book of that beautiful allegory * *Porfena* ; he seemed to want nothing but the scythe, to make his resemblance perfectly similar to that destroyer of mankind.

The circumstances of the baronet being in no very flourishing situation at that time, he thought a journey to Paris, where he had a sister married to a rich financier, would be the means of recruiting them. He, accordingly set out for France ; but in a garb equally as uncouth and *outré* as his figure. He wore a brown scratch wig, a short riding-coat, together with a pair of jack-boots ; and carried in his hand a postillion's long-lashed whip.

* Vide Doddsley's Collection.

Thus

Thus accoutred, he arrived at the gate of the hôtel, where his brother-in-law resided. The Swiss, who opened the door, beholding such an extraordinary being, stood aghast; and when Sir Thomas would have entered, bluntly told him he could not be admitted, as his lady had company. Though the baronet did not understand the language in which the prohibition was conveyed, he guessed the purport of it by the man's countenance, and made shift to utter, in broken French, *her frere, her frere*.

The porter hearing this, ran to call the groom of the chambers, who understood a little English; and Sir Thomas having made known to him his affinity to the lady of the house, his arrival, without any more obstruction, was announced. As it happened to be dinner-time when this mirror of knighthood arrived, his sister, after cordially embracing him, placed him, habited as he was, at the table, between an Abby and a Macaroni. He was no sooner seated, than the two gentlemen between whom he sat, struck with the oddity of his figure, dress, and deportment, stared at him with marks of the greatest astonishment. At length the latter, unable to restrain his curiosity, laid down his fork*, and thus addressed him: "*Monsieur, ne se-*

* In France, a fork and spoon are commonly used, instead of a knife and fork.

*" riez vous pas, par hazard, la fameux Robin-
son Crusôe de qui on parle dans l'histoire."*

" Pray, Sir, are you not the famous Robin-
son Crusoe, of whom we read in history?"

The mirth so singular and unexpected a question occasioned, is better conceived than described. The singularity of the baronet's garb, and the whole of his appearance, warranted, in some measure, such a supposition; nor could it, had Sir Thomas understood the full force of it, which his ignorance of the French language prevented, have excited his displeasure.

Having in a late letter given you another specimen of my vanity, and that bringing to my recollection the homage formerly paid me, it was accompanied by the remembrance of a poetical tribute I received from the late Mr. Cunningham, whose merit has entitled him to a place among the poets of Great-Britain:

During my first excursion to Ireland, he complimented me with the following poetical fragment, about the time he produced a little piece of two acts, called "Love in a Mist," or, "The Lads of Spirit;" which was performed at the Theatre-Royal, Smock-Alley, several nights, and met with a very favourable reception. Upon my arrival in Edinburgh, he constituted a part of that company; when he wrote the following prologue upon my first appearance there. Though Mr. Cunningham's

ningham's abilities as an actor, from his extreme diffidence, were but moderate, yet the productions of his Muse entitled him to respect.

* A F R A G M E N T.

Part of a Poem wrote on Miss BELLAMY, when in Dublin.

From slavish rules, mechanic forms, unty'd,
She soars, with sacred Nature for her guide.
The smile of peace—the wildness of despair—
The soft'ning sigh—the soul-dissolving tear;
Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew,
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,
To search the soul, and trace the various heart;
With native force, with unaffected ease,
To form the yielding passions as you please!
† Oldmixon's charms, by melody impress,
May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;
But transient raptures must attend the wound,
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!
Or should ‡ Mechel in languishing advance,
Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,
(The soul untouch'd) she captivate the sight;
But breathing wit with judgment must unite,
To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight.

* Bell's Poets. Cunningham, page 80.

† A lady celebrated

for singing. ‡ A dancer then in Smock-Alley Theatre.

A P R O L O G U E,

Spoke at Edinburgh, on Mrs. BELLAMY's first Appearance there.

In early days, when error sway'd mankind,
The scene was censur'd, and the stage confin'd.
As the fine arts a nobler taste supply'd,
Old prejudice grew fainter—droop'd—and dy'd.

Merit from sanction must deduce her date,
If she'd arrive at a meridian height;
From sanction is the English stage become
Equal to Athens, and above old Rome.

If from that stage, an actress fill'd with fears,
New to this northern scene, to-night appears,
Intent—howe'er unequal to the flight,
To hit—what Critics call—the *happy right*;
She builds not on your sister's * fond applause,
But timidly to you submits her cause:
For taste refin'd may as judicial sit
Here, as she found her in an English Pit.

Your plaudit must remove the stranger's fear;
The sons of Genius are the least severe.
Some favour from the fair she's sure to find;
So sweet a circle cannot but be kind.
Then to your candid patronage she'll trust,
And hopes you gracious—as we know you just.

* London.

A little anecdote of Mr. Garrick just occurs to my memory, which will give you a proof, that the least reflection on his judgment, relative to any part of the theatric line, was sure to procure for the offender his lasting enmity. When "Barbarossa" was first brought out, his dress was so very singular, that Mrs. Clive could not help exclaiming, the moment she saw him enter the Green-Room, "My God! what is this? I declare, it is the royal lamp-lighter!"

So pointed an impromptu occasioned a laugh, particularly from myself; and the lady lost, by this stroke of humour, the regard of the manager, who would sacrifice every thing to his vanity. And, notwithstanding Mrs. Clive's merit as an actress was so distinguished, he ever after seized every opportunity to lessen and mortify her.

G. A. B.

L. E. T.

L E T T E R CXV.

April 25, 1785.

AMONG other of my omissions which I would wish to supply, is an anecdote of his late Majesty, George the Second; that good and gracious prince, whose chief happiness consisted in seeing his people happy. During the Rebellion in the year 1745, the Tragedy of "Macbeth" was commanded. Things at that time were drawing near a crisis. The Duke of Cumberland was in pursuit of the rebel army; and the fate of the House of Brunswick depended upon the event of a few days.

In this situation of affairs, it must naturally be supposed, that the Royal Mind could not be so far at ease as to enjoy, with a tolerable degree of serenity, any amusement. His Majesty, accordingly, determined that he would not go to the Theatre that evening, notwithstanding the play had been publicly announced as *by command*. The reason he alleged to those around him for this determination was, that he was apprehensive lest his appearing to be out of spirits during the representation, which, from the agitation of his mind at that critical juncture, he could not possibly avoid being, might tend to give the audience
an

an idea that he had received some unfavourable intelligence from Scotland.

The Duke of Grafton, who was at that time Lord Chamberlain, and in great favour with his royal master, saw, however, the impropriety of such a resolution. His Grace therefore humbly represented to his Majesty, that his not appearing at the Theatre, as it had been announced, would tend more to alarm the apprehensions of his subjects, than if a gloom should diffuse itself over his countenance whilst in their sight.

As the first principle of that (my pen had almost presumed to write) *dear* man's mind was humanity, and a kind concern for the welfare of his subjects, he consented to *suffer* himself, rather than awaken their fears, by staying away. His Majesty, accordingly, yielded to his Grace's representation, and entered the box with a heavy heart; where, as I have been informed, he sat, during the two first acts, quite absorbed in thought.

Just as the second act was finished, dispatches were delivered to his Majesty, which informed him of the victory gained by his son at the glorious battle of Culloden. Having hastily perused the contents of them, he immediately arose, and animated with all that majestic grace which he so eminently possessed, he held out the paper, and with an ineffable smile of grandeur and beneficence, uttered the exclamation, Oh!—His manner was so expressive,

pressive, so affectionate and intuitive, that like electricity, it instantly conveyed happiness to the expecting and anxious audience; who immediately starting up, huzzaed, applauded, and by every mark of respect and joy, congratulated their much-loved monarch.

The particulars of the enlivening news being communicated to them, they stopped the play, although it was one of their admired Shakspeare's, and ordering all the fingers to *unwitch* themselves, directed them to sing "God save great George our King." This song they encored so often, and repeated so frequently their tokens of loyalty and gratitude, that it was near one in the morning before the whole was concluded. His Majesty then retired, with all the affectionate tenderness of a fond parent; and those who had been so fortunate as to share in so extatic a scene, returned to their respective homes as happy as indulged and favoured children.

I am not certain whether the following anecdote, concerning the worthy monarch I have just been speaking of, has ever appeared in print; but as I have it from the late Duke of Grafton himself, and it comes in here so very *à-propos*, I will run the hazard, and give it you.

In the first year of the rebellion just spoken of, the subscription which was entered into for the support of Government being filled, with unexampled expedition, his Grace of Grafton
congratulated

congratulated his royal master upon such an unequivocal proof of affection. To which his Majesty replied in his usual broken English, "My good Lord, my peoples *be my wife*; "though they quarrel with me themselves, "they will not suffer others to do it."

Whilst these great and worthy personages are the subject of my pen, I must add an anecdote or two more relative to them, which I dare say will not be thought tedious by you. —I have already given you more than one instance of my vanity; a foible, for which *at present* I despise myself, that I have ever indulged. I shall only say in extenuation of my errors of this kind, that like most of the other passions to which human nature is incident, when once the reins are let loose, they soon convey you to the very summit of folly.

You will not be surprised then when I inform you, that at the time I was so highly honoured with the approbation of the public, I was vain enough to aspire to receive, likewise, the approbation of royalty. I must premise, that before the period I now speak of, I had already planned my intended conquest of Louis the fifteenth. I accordingly requested his Grace of Grafton to solicit his Majesty, to honour with a command some piece in which I usually performed.

The Duke was so condescending as to comply with my request; and the King having heard much of the inimitable Roscius, in the
character

character of Lear, he consented to honour that performance with his presence. As my whole attention was engaged by the sweet imagination of hearing myself praised, which *then* would have exalted me to Mahomet's Paradise, I stationed myself, after my first speech, as near as possible to the stage box. But instead of this, O dire to tell! I heard his Majesty, upon the Lord Chamberlain's enquiring how he liked Cordelia, reply, "Umph! very well! but her hoop is so large."

The mortification I received from finding that my hoop had attracted his Majesty's attention more than my divine little person, affected me so much, that I totally forgot my duty, in the character I was personating, to my royal father, till I came to the following lines*, in which I pray for him, not for myself.

Hark! I hear the beaten drum!
 Old Kent's a man of's word.
 O for an arm like the fierce thunderer,
 To fight this injured father's battles!
 That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
 In his opposer's blood. But as I may
 With women's weapons, piety and prayer,
 I'll aid his cause. Ye never-erring gods
 Fight on his side, and thunder on his foes
 Such vengeance as his aged head sustain'd.
 Your image suffers when a monarch bleeds;
 'Tis your own cause; for this your succours bring;
 Revenge yourselves and right an injured king.

* King Lear, as altered by Tate.

When I had repeated this passage, his Majesty was so struck at my feeling in the most susceptible manner true filial piety, that he sent the Lord Chamberlain to let me know, he never had been so much affected with the distress of Lear, as he now was with the enthusiastic rapture (as he was pleased to express himself) of his ill-used daughter. I cannot help owning, that I should *then* have been full as well pleased to have had my *self-admired person* included. But praise from royalty is always acceptable; and though I was not perfectly pleased, I thought I ought to be satisfied with the condescending tribute his Majesty had paid to such extraordinary rising merit.

As I have thus introduced the late Duke of Grafton to you, I cannot help sending you another anecdote relative to his Grace, in which I shall have an opportunity of introducing likewise my much-admired Shuter.

Mr. Lacy, who was at that time one of the proprietors of Ranelagh, had been engaged by two Bankers, whose names I believe were Green and Ambrose, (but as this was some years before I had any connection with the stage, I cannot be sure) to assist in the management of Drury-lane Theatre. But Mr. Lacy having formed a design of obtaining a patent in his own name, to the exclusion of the two Gentlemen that employed him, he pursued for this purpose the following scheme.

Being

Being a professed jockey, he took care constantly to attend the Croydon hunt, of which the Lord Chamberlain was the leader. His Grace observed with pleasure the numerous train that attended him; and remarking, that Mr. Lacy was one of the most constant of his followers, he took occasion, one day, to admire the horse that he rode, This was the bait the intended patentee had laid, and no sooner did he find that it had taken effect, than he begged the Duke's acceptance of his Pegasus.

This his Grace declined, unless he might be allowed to make him some compensation. Upon which Mr. Lacy informed his Grace, that his employers were upon the point of breaking (which may have been the case) and that he should be obliged to him for a patent in his own name. His request was complied with, and in a few days he became sole patentee of Drury-lane Theatre; whilst the two Gentlemen who had purchased of Mr. Fleetwood, were obliged to accept the places of door-keepers in the very house which had lately belonged to them. Mr. Lacy afterwards sold a moiety of the patent to Mr. Garrick, who became the ostensible manager, and through whose transcendent merit and indefatigable application, the Theatre was saved from ruin.

Some years after, as I have already informed you, I fitted up and resided at Hollwood-

hill, the very identical wood from which the foxes were unearthed for the Croydon hunt. The Duke of Grafton, who frequently honoured us with his company, observing that son of humour, Shuter, to be often of his hunting party, he requested that I would ask him to join us at dinner.

This I accordingly did. But Shuter, though convivial to a degree when he imagined himself the king of the company, did not now feel himself at home. Observing this taciturnity, I gave our good chaplin, Doctor Francis, the hint, who was always ready upon those occasions; and he plied honest Ned so freely with claret, that, contrary to the adopted adage, which says, "When the wine is in the wit is out," he was so far inspired with it, as to become not only loquacious but clever.

Among other witticisms, upon the Duke's asking him whether he really loved the sport, or rode for his health, Shuter readily replied, "My Lord, I am riding for a patent;" alluding to the story I have just related to you. His Grace was so pleased with the impromptu, that he promised to serve him in that line, if ever he should happen to stand in need of it, but at that time he saw no probability of such an event taking place. Shuter, however, received a handsome present from his Grace, before he set off for town; which, as I was
after-

afterwards informed, he laid at the feet of Nancy Dawson, his then reigning favourite, immediately after his arrival.

G. A. B.

L E T T E R CXVI.

April 29, 1785.

REFLECTIONS ON MY PILLOW.

A T this solemn silent hour of night, when all is hush'd and undisturbed by the past business of the day, thought has liberty to revolve, look into every recess of the mental faculties, and expatiate at large. Can there be matter for greater contemplation, than when we think of that great, that important delegated trust committed to our care by the all-supreme I A M. A trust too often neglected for levity and folly, bringing on sin, and death, when the grave, the sea shall give up their dead; and that tremendous hour arrive, when we are summoned to appear before him, the Son of God, who suffered for our sins, whose precious blood was our propitiation, what can the sons and daughters of riot say, answer me you thoughtless: alas! I must also answer; say, do we not hold mankind in detestation, that despise and ungratefully treat a friend, since

'tis a general maxim, call a man ungrateful, you call him every thing base by treating ill a worldly friend; what shall we say to our best of friends, the Redeemer of mankind, when with strictest truth he may alledge, look on those hands, those feet, this side, my brow crowned with the pricking thorn, the contempt I bore for you. Could you not think, when you gave way to pleasure, false in themselves, to sensuality, avarice, hardness of heart to your brother, that catalogue of sins the prince of darkness spread over the world, enemy to God and man; I say, could you not think you crucified me a-new, or did you feel the archangels, angels, cherubims and seraphims, who are continually in prostrate adoration before the throne of God; their sorrows for their brethren of the earth, drawing on them wrath divine. Was you not intrusted with a soul, the spirit of ever-living life, which ne'er can be annihilated, when its covering of earth shall moulder to its natural dust, where was that care required of you to render it unpolluted to the divine hand that gave it.

How have you applied, how hid your talent under a bushel; how shall we bear that terrible sentence, go you children of the devil into everlasting torments prepared for his angels. Dreadful sentence, yet a ray of hope runs thro' my bosom; the lenient hand, the balm of comfort is held out to us;

we

we are assured a timely repentance may reconcile us to the Father of all mercy, and that there is compassion for the weakness and frailty of mankind; and joy in the regions of beatitude and bliss, amongst the heavenly powers, on the return of a repentant sinner. At this hour of night, at all hours, grant it, oh heavenly Father, in the name of thy only Son the immaculate Emanuel. Thou hast promised it to us, that when sinners from their hearts shall repent, thou wilt hear us, and grant us mercy! may all merit that mercy, as well as thy penitent servant.

G. A. B.

N. B. By the above, do not suppose me to be a disciple of *Madam Gynon*; but believe me when I assure you, I am by no means a visionary, and am not partial to those who are. The above lady was a sectary, and involved the justly celebrated Bishop of Cambray, (author of the admired *Telemachus*) by her absurdities, which occasioned his disgrace, from his writing a treatise in her defence. Her confessor (whose name I cannot now recollect) she brought into many disagreeable situations, the latter wisely discarded her and her visions as soon as possible.

Since I sent you the poetical compliments paid me by the late Mr. Cunningham, which,

as I informed you, were extracted from his works; in looking over my papers, I found the following pretty Pastoral, which he wrote in my praise. Though it is only addressed, in the true pastoral style, to *Phillis*, yet the copy of it, in his own hand-writing, from which this is transcribed, and which I received from him, denotes for whom the compliment was intended.

PHILLIS: A PASTORAL.

I.

I said--on the banks by the stream,
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long;
Oh grant me, ye muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song!
But Pan bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse,
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

II.

The rose has a beautiful red;
But faded to Phillis's bloom:
The breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath but a feeble perfume,
The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
(Tho' brightened by Phœbus's ray)
Wants lustre compar'd to her eyes.

III.

The lily I pluck'd in full pride,
 It's freshness with her's to compare;
 And foolishly thought till I tried,
 The flow'ret was equally fair.
 How, Corydon, could you mistake?
 Your fault be with sorrow confest;
 You said the white swans on the lake,
 For softness might rival her breast.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
 Ye Poets, I covet no bays,
 She smil'd---a reward for my song.
 I find the God Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair one's applause,
 And Cupid must crown with delight,
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

To shew you that the same fatality pursues me when any good fortune seems to present itself, as might so often have been observed during the former periods of my life, I must inform you of the following incident, which happened soon after the publication of the preceding volumes.

One morning, as I lay in bed somewhat longer than usual, from being much indisposed, a gentlewoman called, and desired to

Speak with me. Upon my servant's informing her that I was too ill to get up at that time, she earnestly requested to be admitted into my room; for, though unknown to me, she had something to say, which she could impart to no one but myself.

Finding the stranger thus urgent, I ordered her to be shewn in; when she seemed to be most sensibly affected at my situation, and acquainted me that she was deputed by a clergyman, whose family consisted only of one daughter, to request I would make his house my asylum. I thought proper to decline the proposal; but, willing to know the name of my intended benefactor, I begged she would inform me who the gentleman was that interested himself in so benevolent a manner in my fate. To this she replied, that as I did not chuse to accept the invitation, she was not at liberty to disclose his name.

I soon after consulted a particular friend, indeed, the only friend whose opinion I implicitly follow, upon the propriety of my conduct in refusing such an offer; and received for answer, that he did not see the least impropriety in my accepting it; for as the gentleman must know, from many circumstances in my "Apology," that I was a *Catholic*; and, as such a difference in our religious principles did not prevent him from making the offer, it was rather illiberal in me to refuse it upon that account.

As I found these were the sentiments of the gentleman whom I consulted, I caused an advertisement to be inserted in the "Morning Herald," on the Monday following, whereby I informed the person who had called upon me, that if she would do me the favour to call upon me again, I should be glad to speak to her.

But I suppose from some intervening circumstances, or rather the not having happened to look into the paper in which the advertisement was made public, I have not had the pleasure of seeing her since. By such eventual occurrences have I ever been prevented from benefiting by the many favourable prospects that have presented themselves, and have been nearly within my reach.

G. A. B.

L E T T E R CXVII.

May 4, 1785.

AS I can have no doubt, Madam, from the friendship you have ever professed for me, that you interest yourself in whatever concerns me, I will conclude this volume with giving you an account of the principal events relative to myself, that have taken place since the commencement of the

present year 1785. I fear the recital will, now and then, draw a sigh from your sympathetic heart; yet, as you will see from it that my prospects begin to brighten, and that the dawn of a tranquility to which I have long been a stranger, already tinges the horizon of my future days, I trust the pleasure you receive from it will overbalance the pain it gives you.

You must know then, that the emolument I reaped from the sale of the former volumes of my "Apology," as I was at the time greatly involved, went immediately, as far as it would go, towards satisfying those creditors. Having thus drained myself of every guinea, I was unfortunately compelled to contract fresh debts to support a wretched existence.

Among these, was one of fourteen pounds for my lodging. And as I had, by some means or other, incurred the dislike of the woman of the house, the expectation of future advantages from a generous public, when my story came to be known, could not procure for me the least lenity. From what cause the inveteracy of this person sprung, I never could conceive, as I always made it my study to oblige her, as far as lay in my power; but to such a height was it risen, by the time the debt had accumulated to the sum mentioned, that a writ was taken out against me, and a sheriff's officer introduced

duced into my apartment, to serve it, *by herself*. And to make the capture as vexatious, expensive, and disgraceful as possible, I was honoured with the visit about eight o'clock on a *Saturday* evening, and taken to Mr. Parsons'.

I am indebted to Mr. Batten, of Hare-Court, in the Temple, for obtaining a release from this disagreeable affair. But though the malice of my persecutor was thus defeated by the kind interference of that gentleman, yet to my cost I found, that it was not in the least abated. Enraged at the disappointment of her malevolent wishes, she sought out every person to whom I happened to be indebted; and by every argument she could devise, prevailed upon them to serve me with copies of writs. The consequence of this was, that the debts were increased thereby to four times the sum they originally had been.

To add to the distress which thus poured in upon me, having neglected, through not understanding the law, to have one of the writs properly answered, I was served with an attachment for contempt of court; and being unable to satisfy the demand, was reduced to pay a visit, once more, to the grated mansion of Mr. Parsons.

My introduction to that gentleman was owing, as I have already informed you, though I did not then mention his name, to
my

my indiscretion in accepting a bill, as already related, for Miss Smithers, the unworthy woman who deceived both my son Metham and myself. Upon this occasion I was still more obliged to Mr. Batten, as I was not then mistress of a single shilling. That the measure of my misfortunes may be heaped, my kind host would not suffer me to quit his house, without something to remember him: for before I departed, he presented me with another copy of a writ for five guineas, which had been some time due to him, in consequence of the above-mentioned bill.

These repeated distresses almost drove me once more to despair, as I could scarcely hope to be extricated from them. But, at length, through the generous assistance of the Duchess of Bolton, the Duke of Montague, his Grace of Rutland, Earl Mansfield, Sir Francis and Lady Basset, Lady James, Mrs. Hastings, a generous incognito, and my highly-valued Mrs. Bull, (whose friendship, of which I am proud, I am indebted to my distress for, as I had not the honour of knowing that lady till my "Apology" appeared), the cloud began to disperse, and I had every reason to hope, that I should soon have been freed from the debts I had lately incurred; when I received a visit from Mr. Naylor, who brought me in a long bill for undertaking and carrying on the suit relative

to the false arrest I have already given you an account of.

Nothing could equal my surprize upon the occasion, as I had paid that gentleman seven guineas and a half towards the expence; and from his not having made any demand for upwards of five years, I could not possibly entertain an idea that I was his debtor. In this dilemma, I again consulted Mr. Batten, to whom, as I have just said, I am so much obliged.

I should have informed you, that the pleasure of first knowing this worthy man, was owing to his calling upon me from the late Mr. Woodward's brother, whose attorney he is, to solicit my consent, that the executors should deliver up the bond, &c. of his, which they found among Mr. Woodward's papers after his decease. To this request I readily assented; and I have signed a writing for that purpose, wherein I give up whatever claim I may have to the debt. And as there is no other person that can have any claim, I hope Mr. Batten's endeavours, in behalf of his client, will be crowned with success.

Having now given you the gloomy and distressful part of the incidents which have befallen me since the commencement of the present year, I will proceed to inform you, as I am well assured the information will afford you pleasure, that I have every
prospect

prospect of being comfortably situated for life.

Even independency, however, is not so flattering to a mind like mine, as the being *cherished* and *patronised* by the truly good and *virtuous* of the age. Such a situation must exalt even the faulty to a degree of transcendent pleasure, not to say vanity. And I may, with the most grateful feelings, repeat those lines which Lord Lansdown wrote on the window of the apartments in the Tower, where Sir Robert Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford) was confined.

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene.
Some rais'd by fortune, tumble down amain,
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

But what singular pleasure must I experience from being still patronised by the noble descendant of two exalted characters, whom I loved and admired when living, and revere and *regret* now they are no more. But why do I say regret, as such goodness must be happy; and I blame myself for being so selfish, as their indubitable felicity ought to have prevented the frequent tears I have shed for their loss.

I must add, that the Duke of Rutland's munificence, though it relieved me from an urgent distress, was not so acceptable to me

as the elegant letter with which his Grace honoured me. The first administered to my distress, the latter will ever be gratefully impressed upon my mind.

This public acknowledgment of my gratitude I cannot withhold; but all those who have conferred obligations upon me will no farther remember them, than in having had the supreme happiness to relieve the distressed. The mind of goodness is not confined to a *Titus*. I have had the heart-felt satisfaction of finding, that the benevolence and philanthropy of that Emperor, is possessed by *many*; and can say, from experience, with my worthy old friend Dr. Young,

But some great souls, and touch'd with warmth divine;
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth their own, till *well bestow'd*.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

Let me not appear an Egotist, when I declare, that I never felt misery without the recollection of a *Belisarius*; nor ever had the means of affording relief to the wretched, but that *first of men* was foremost in my thoughts.

I know

I know I must expect the most illiberal abuse that falshood can invent, from those of whom I have told disagreeable truths. But whatever indiscretions I may have been guilty of, I defy the blackest malice to censure my *present* conduct. I have, however, the satisfaction to be able to say*,

The more I am defam'd, my *mind*,
Like purest linen laid in open air,
The more 'tis bleach'd shall whiten to the view.

As to the person, through whose cruel treatment I have suffered the inconveniencies I have done, he is too much below contempt for me to bestow a thought upon his publication†. “*Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.*”

As Mr. Townley Ward, *who is an honour to his profession*, has kindly undertaken my cause, I have every hope to be rescued from his power. I shall call upon Mrs. Boys, a lady of the *strictest integrity*, and most unblemished reputation, to vouch for the truth of what I have asserted relative to his usage, as she was witness to the unparalleled insolence and barbarity I was treated with. To Mr. Batten, whom I have just mentioned, and who is a gentleman of too much recti-

* Dryden's *Amphitryon*. I have taken the liberty to substitute the word *MIND* for *virtue*, which is used in the original.

† *Hamlet*, Act III. Scene III.

tude to tell an untruth, and too much feeling to submit to a mean action, he repeatedly said he would not oppose an amicable bill, if we filed one. How well he kept his promise the fifth volume will show. I do not wish my asseveration to be taken, but such incontrovertible testimonies of those who are living to witness my assertions, cannot be disputed.

But I have kissed the rod with patience; and now find, that the effects of black adversity are sweet, as they teach us our own infirmities. Frequent disappointment make us hope forgiveness for error, and when past, gives us a foretaste of heaven.

Now retiring to the sweet conversation of a few worthy intimates, I bless my benefactors, and adore my God.

G. A. B.

LET-

LETTER CXVIII.

May 8, 1785.

I Know the goodness of your heart too well to think any apology needful for sending you the copy of a letter which breathes such a spirit of true philanthropy, good sense, and politeness, as the following does. Though I had related every material circumstance that I could recollect, and had consequently taken leave both of yourself and my readers in my preceding epistle, yet I must add another, to let you share with me in the satisfaction I have received from it. You will see by the date that it is but just come to hand, and could not have been inserted before.

The flattering marks of approbation the unknown writer is pleased to bestow upon my publication, the compassion for my sufferings she so delicately imparts, the comfort she so kindly administers, and her friendly wishes for my future welfare, have made an impression upon my mind that will never be eradicated; and I seize the opportunity, which now presents itself, of returning the humane incognita, thus publicly, my acknowledgements.

As you know my disposition is of that unselfish nature, that I think every happiness which is not participated of, far from satisfaction;

tory; I will copy it for you, and shall likewise publish it, to communicate to such as generously interest themselves in my fate, the agreeable intelligence, that the number of those who sympathize in my past distresses, and honour me with their benevolent wishes, are daily increasing.---But I will no longer detain you from the letter itself; which if you read with half the pleasure I did, you will enjoy an enviable mental treat.

“ Dear Madam,

“ I have just finished the perusal of what
“ you modestly call ‘ An Apology for your
“ Life.’ It might, indeed, be received as an
“ apology for a much more blameable life
“ than your’s. Never have I met with any
“ history so affecting. If such an account
“ of persecuted innocence had been given to
“ the world as a romance, I should have been
“ astonished at the author’s going so far be-
“ yond all probability; and have said, that he
“ presumed too much on the credulity of
“ mankind: but you have convinced us, that
“ the utmost stretch of invention has hitherto
“ fallen short of reality.

“ But, oh thou amiable sufferer! say not
“ thou hast no friend to share thy sorrows, or
“ rejoice in thy deliverance! Every bene-
“ volent spirit is interested in thy fate; they
“ feel for thy distresses, and will share thy
“ joy,

“ joy, should heaven again smile on thee ;
“ as, I trust, it will : that all-gracious Being,
“ who saved thee in the dreadful moment of
“ despair, will never quite forsake thee.
“ Hast thou not fed the widow and the or-
“ phan ? Hast thou not given bread to those
“ whose brows are now encircled with coro-
“ nets, when their own parents could not
“ give it them ? They may forget, but God
“ will never forget it.

“ Happy, thrice happy, should I be, were
“ I in a situation to assist you : my house
“ should be your asylum ; my tender assidu-
“ ities should lull your heart to peace ; and
“ your society should gild the remainder of
“ my days : but I am not so blest : wishes,
“ and prayers, are all the wealth that I pos-
“ sess : they flow from the sincerest sympathy,
“ and I hope you will accept them.

“ However, my dear Madam, a word of
“ consolation is sometimes of equal value
“ with gold, and that even the poorest may
“ bestow : permit me, then, to preach a *lit-
“ tle* to you. I am not one of them, who,
“ from an easy chair, preach patience to
“ those that sit on thorns : few persons have
“ drank more largely of the cup of sorrow
“ than myself : affliction hath long ago sub-
“ dued my cheek ; but, I thank God, it hath
“ not yet taken in my mind : when misfor-
“ tune hath, in various shapes, assailed me,
“ an implicit resignation to the divine will,
“ has

“ has made all calm within ; and hope, celestial comforter ! that only styptic for a bleeding heart, hath still sustained me : had I not that support, I should, at this moment, sink under the heaviest pressure of anxiety, that the feelings of an affectionate wife and mother can excite.

“ Let me, therefore, intreat you, though the measure of your calamity seems to be greater than ever was heaped on any other individual, not to forget that the hand which hath wounded, is mighty also, to heal : that the same power which hath so long permitted you to be the victim of wicked, sordid, and unfeeling souls, can, in a moment, raise you up friends and protectors, among the great, the generous, and the just. Happy dispensers of the bounty of heaven ! were I capable of envy, you alone would be the object of it.

“ I hope, dear Madam, you will excuse this great liberty, taken by a person who is some years older than yourself, and is most unfeignedly

“ Your Friend.

“ P. S. Should the agreeable change in your circumstances, which I hope for, take place, I beg the favour of you to let it be mentioned in the General Evening Post,

“ Post, with the place of your abode. I
“ know not what apology to make for this
“ request; but for want of knowing where
“ to address you, I must send this letter to
“ Mr. Bell, who, I hope, will transmit it to
“ you.

“ The 21st of April, 1785.”

You will remember, Madam, that a woman is writing to you; and as you know it is not unusual for our sex to add postscript to postscript, till sometimes they exceed in quantity the letter itself, you will, I hope, forgive my making addition upon addition, and tantalizing you so often with the expectation of my bringing this volume to a final conclusion.

Since the receipt of the preceding letter, the following is come to hand; and as it conveys, like the former, the approbation and good wishes of an unknown correspondent, I am in hopes you will not think your patience too much exercised by the perusal of it.

“ Madam,

“ I have read your Apology with a mixture of pain and pleasure, when I think of
“ the goodness of your heart; and with pain,
“ when I reflect on the necessities and hardships you have laboured under. Those
“ who

" who read your life, must confess there is
" an ingenuous candour in taxing your
" foibles. Nothing extenuating; and I
" hope your enemies, if you have such, will
" not set down aught in malice. Yet in this
" imperfect world, it is difficult to tread the
" paths of life without detraction; for,

All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

POPE.

" Had you, Madam, been a person of a
" mercenary temper; had you looked for-
" ward to the amassing wealth, no woman
" had it more in her power, while connected
" with a man who had ability to bestow
" emoluments and employments: No! the
" generous-minded Bellamy had a pleasure
" in providing for the unpatronised; and
" when with that person, many an unfriended
" man experienced her fostering hand. You
" may with great truth aver, the poor never
" went from your door unsupplied, but
" comforted and supported. As I have long
" known you, so do I also know, often have
" you spared your last shilling to the help-
" less and distressed.

" You will pardon the liberty I take. I
" say no more than what you merit; and I
" challenge envy itself to gainsay what I
" advance. I seek no advantage by thus
VOL. VI. F " addressing

“ addressing you. It is a tribute due to
“ truth and justice. May the remainder of
“ your days be peace and tranquillity, and
“ your evening sun set in an agreeable ho-
“ rizon, is the sincere wish of,

“ MADAM,

“ Your most obedient Servant,

“ London, April 28, 1785.

“ P. L.”

You see, Madam, from the above letters,
that there is more humanity left in the world
than some morose bigots are willing to allow.

G. A. B.

LETTER CXIX.

May 7, 1785.

THE reasons I gave you, Madam, for
the insertion of the two last letters,
will, I hope, procure for me likewise your
forgiveness, for adding the following to them.
That which is without a name, censures a
frailty to which too many are prone, and
therefore may convey a useful document.
The other two come from a friend whom I
much respect, and by whose permission they
are

are sent you. As a correspondence with a person of so much good sense cannot but be pleasing to me, and flattering to my vanity, you will not wonder at my being desirous to insert them. These are the contents of the former :

“ My dearest Friend,

“ I am this moment returned from a scene
 “ which has terrified me so much, that I
 “ cannot go to sleep without saying a few
 “ words upon the subject, by way of caution;
 “ though I believe, with respect to yourself,
 “ it will be a needless one ; for your *dove-*
 “ *like* temper could never be so *lion-like* as
 “ the lady who occasions this epistle. That
 “ I may never be alarmed so much again, I
 “ I shall write a circular letter to all my fe-
 “ male acquaintance, setting forth the bad
 “ tendency of anger.

“ To begin with you.---In the first place,
 “ my dear friend, anger is an enemy to
 “ beauty. This, I dare say, will have its
 “ proper weight with you, and be alone suf-
 “ ficient to deter you from entertaining so
 “ frightful a guest. But this is not all I have
 “ to say on the subject.

“ Passion and reason are a kind of civil
 “ war within us ; and we are good or bad
 “ as one or other becomes our conqueror.
 “ Besides, as you are a part of that universe

“ which all acknowledge to be governed by
“ order and harmony, I would not have you
“ become the jarring string in so well-tuned
“ an instrument.

“ The way, my dear Madam, to secure
“ yourself against so dangerous an enemy as
“ anger, is to subdue your desires. If they
“ be ill, treat them as you did Miss S-----,
“ put them out of doors; if good, pray
“ moderate them, so as not to expect more
“ than the inconstancy of *Madam Fortune*
“ will permit; always balancing what you
“ hope for with what you fear: for it is a
“ mark of wisdom, that we live no more in
“ hope than fear, nor put it into the power
“ of *Mademoiselle Fortune*, what we call in
“ English *Misfortune*, to take any thing from
“ our felicity.

“ And be pleased to remember, that a
“ mind transported with passion rejects the
“ best reasons, and retains the worst opi-
“ nions. And of all passions, there is none
“ so extravagant and outrageous as that of
“ anger. Other passions solicit and mislead
“ us, but anger runs away with us. Now,
“ at your time of life, it would be ridicu-
“ lous, should you be run away with; and,
“ in particular, for poor Bell's sake, I hope
“ you will not, as your book is not quite
“ finished. But it would be quite in the
“ novel style, your being carried off by
“ force.

“ But

“ But to return to the subject from which
“ I was carried off. As I said before, of all
“ passions there is none so extravagant as
“ anger: other passions solicit and mislead
“ us, but anger runs away with us by force.
“ It not only hurries us to our own ruin, but
“ very often to another's; and frequently
“ discharges itself upon the innocent, as
“ well as the guilty. It allows neither time
“ nor means for defence; but judges a cause
“ without hearing it, and admits of no me-
“ diation; it spares neither friend nor foe,
“ but condemns human nature to a perpetual
“ war.

“ Therefore always resist the first motion
“ of passion: if you cannot resist the first,
“ you will be far less able to resist the se-
“ cond; and it still grows worse and worse;
“ for the same difficulty, which in the be-
“ ginning might have been surmounted, is
“ greater in the end. Be circumspect in
“ every thing you speak or do, as if your
“ enemies stood at your elbow. Remem-
“ ber, some people are above our anger,
“ some below it. To be angry with our
“ superiors is indiscretion, and with our in-
“ feriors an indignity.

“ Indeed I must acknowledge I have
“ heard, that anger makes dull men witty,
“ but keeps them poor. I am sure you have
“ no reason to encourage it on the first ac-
“ count, and a great deal of reason to re-

“ strain it on the latter ; therefore, my dear
“ friend, let me advise you, if ever it should
“ happen to you, to do by your anger as
“ Ulysses did by the winds, cork them up in
“ a bottle. And, believe me, there is not a
“ more effectual remedy against anger, than
“ time and patience.

“ It is more prudent to pass by offences,
“ than to quarrel for them ; by the last you
“ are even with your adversary, but by the
“ first you are above him. If an injury is
“ done us, it must come from an enemy ;
“ and it is the nature of an enemy to do mis-
“ chief ; and it is likewise the duty of a
“ Christian to requite evil with good. They
“ are trials of our virtue. The best way to
“ confront the malice of our enemies, is by
“ the innocency of our lives. And with the
“ security of a good conscience, they will not
“ hurt us.

“ I shall conclude, my dearest Madam,
“ by begging you not to rail at the world for
“ ingratitude ; but to remember the old pro-
“ verb ; ‘ Favours are written on glass, but
“ injuries engraven on marble.’

“ Thursday, 12 at Night.”

“ August

" *August 16, 1784.*

" My dear Madam,

" It is with infinite satisfaction to myself,
" I can perform my engagement to you next
" Wednesday at dinner, as I do not leave
" town till Thursday. If I could want an
" inducement to wait upon you, which I am
" certain I never can, it would be the pleasure of knowing Mr. O'Leary. Men of
" sense and erudition are not to be met with
" every day. I am told he has sincerity of
" heart, and simplicity of manners, two
" most essential ornaments in any character.

" I entreat you, my kind friend, not to
" increase your table even to a second dish.
" Upon my word, I eat but of one. I am
" sorry you are poor, because you are generous; and because poverty is usually
" deemed by mankind, one of the greatest
" of all possible evils. In order to shun it,
" they plunge themselves into numberless
" inconveniencies, and even into enormous
" vices: but without indigence is very acute,
" it is rather an imaginary than real calamity. Riches are determinable by our

“ wishes. My wishes are few, therefore
“ easily gratified. At present, it is true, I
“ have not one shilling in the world ; but my
“ spirit is great, and my religion greater:
“ besides, I possess some truth, and practise
“ some fidelity to those I esteem my friends.
“ Pythagoras is of opinion, ‘ That if God
“ would render himself visible to men, he
“ would chuse light for his body, and truth
“ for his soul.’ It is certain, these virtues
“ are respected even by those who do not
“ practise them.

“ I have just finished Tasso’s celebrated
“ Jerusalem. My translation may be infe-
“ rior to many, but I have been assisted by
“ the greatest master of Italian that ever was
“ in this country.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Dear Mrs. Bellamy’s most obedient,

“ And with attachment,

“ Most faithful Servant,

“ WILLIAM THOMAS HERVEY.”

“ Rochester,

" *Rocheſter, Kent, Auguſt 26, 1784.*

" My dear Madam,

" The day I was ſo happy to paſs with you,
" and which I aſſure you was eſtimated ſin-
" gularly agreeable by both your's and Mr.
" Archer's converſation, you enquired of me
" what Mr. O'Leary alluded to by Telephus's
" ſpear, which either killed or cured? Te-
" lephus, by the fiction of the Poets, was a
" King of Myſia, the ſon of Hercules, who
" denying paſſage to the Grecians, in their
" voyage againſt Troy, was wounded by
" Achilles, and was cured again by the ruſt
" of the ſame ſpear which had given him his
" wound: I believe, dear Madam, it is the
" firſt and only inſtance of the weapon-ſalve.
" Horace talks of Telephus's youthful charms,
" whoſe maſculine beauty is made ſimilar to
" the feminine charms of fair Hebe.

" The night I left you, I was at a ball at
" my aunt's, and danced country dances for
" four hours, which I have not done for four
" years. I had two partners; my firſt, like
" a charade, was *aſſez bien, la la*; but my ſe-
" cond, whom I never left once after I had the
" felicity to engage her, was very gracefully
" formed, eyes expreſſive of ſcrutiny, ſome-
" thing not ſo good as obſervation, and not

“ so bad as suspicion, features altogether
“ pleasing and regular.

“ Rochester seems entirely for Mr. Pitt.
“ They enquired of me my opinion of our
“ present harlequin ministry; I say harlequin,
“ from their quickness in deception; for
“ Lord Thurlow may be as much surprised
“ in finding himself again in possession of the
“ seals, as much as his brother Silenus ap-
“ peared to be, when he became a Bishop.
“ I told them what I really thought of the
“ late and present ministry; that the former
“ possessed ten times the power and abilities
“ of the present; and that I thought Mr.
“ Fox and Lord North the most capable and
“ most endowed men of any in Britain. I
“ said some things of Mr. Fox, that were he
“ to know it, I should possess his regard. In-
“ deed, his panegyric is derived from con-
“ viction of his uncommon talents, and the
“ power of the force of truth.

“ The weather is like winter, and I believe
“ my residence will be fixed for some time
“ in this part of the world; the curacy of
“ Sheerness is vacant, and I have put in my
“ careat to possess it. The air is unhealthy
“ and agueish, but I care not; if I lose my
“ life, I shall not lose any thing, for poverty
“ makes life nothing. Time, that is devoted
“ to knowledge, passes silently away, and is
“ very little diversified by events. I talk in
“ public, and I think in solitude; I read and
“ I hear;

" I hear ; to enquire and answer enquiries
" makes up my life.

" I one day walked to Maidstone and
" dined, and after walked back ; in all nine-
" teen miles ; a gigantic promenade. I be-
" gan to fancy myself a Brobdenag valetudi-
" narian, walking for an appetite to break-
" fast. I am dreadfully poor, and so is my
" friend I live with ; a man of very good
" learning, but who toils for bread. We
" feast more on intellectual food than beef
" and mutton : we drink nothing but small
" beer ; and, to save a twist in the guts, a
" little ale. We regard the examples of the
" earth, and the instructions of the planets ;
" we chew the cud of understanding ; but
" following Epictetus, mortify our flesh.
" Sorrowful meditations fasten upon my mind,
" and they are roused by mental exertion,
" and time passing away with silent celerity.
" My destiny will never be repaired, there-
" fore never be regretted.

" I have the honour to be,

" Dear Mrs. Bellamy's affectionate,

" And faithful humble Servant,

" WILLIAM THOMAS HERVEY."

G. A. B.

LETTER CXX.

May 10, 1785.

I HAVE apologized for the insertion of the benevolent letters lately sent me, till I am ashamed of apologizing; I shall therefore, without any farther apologies, add the following, which have come to hand since my last, as they contain such favourable sentiments of me.

A person for whom I ought to entertain the highest respect, and to whom I am a perfect stranger, has just sent me the first of them; the contents of it I doubt not but you will agree with me to be of the most generous kind.

The second gives an instance of gratitude that should likewise be commemorated. It was delivered to me by Mr. Bew of Pater-noster-Row, together with the sum mentioned therein. The money was lent the writer six or seven and thirty years ago---a rare instance of recollection!

“ Madam,

“ I have read your Apology; and notwithstanding the endeavours in a late pamphlet to prejudice the public against you,
“ I must

" I must think your story a truly pitiable
 " one. I am happy to think the public are
 " greatly impressed with the same ideas. But
 " it is to be lamented, your Apology did not
 " make its appearance at a more early period.
 " I must beg your acceptance of the inclosed
 " Bill. Although I have not the honour of
 " your acquaintance, yet the humanity you
 " have in so many instances shown in reliev-
 " ing the distresses of others, at once bespeaks
 " your goodness of heart, and makes me wish
 " you would again make use of my purse; as
 " I have the honour to be,

" Madam,

" Your most obedient

" humble servant,

" -----."

" Madam,

" Though you had too much reason to
 " suppose I had quite forgot, yet you no doubt
 " must recollect the transaction which gives
 " occasion to this.

" Pardon me, my dear Madam, for my
 " long delay; and be assured, that could I
 " have had the least idea of the accumulated
 " distresses you have undergone, you should
 " have

" have heard from me long ere this. But
 " you are so universally read, that it is but a
 " very few days since that I could get a sight
 " of your Apology. And I have been so
 " long a stranger to the theatrical world, that
 " private anecdotes have never reached me.
 " The Gentleman who delivers you this, is
 " further commissioned to pay you ten gui-
 " neas, in behalf of

" Madam,

" Your most obedient

" humble servant,

" April 30, 1785.

" -----."

You may, perhaps, think I might have
 spared myself the trouble of sending you the
 copies of these letters; but as I am never so
 happy as when I can produce instances of
 philanthropy and gratitude, I hope, such be-
 ing my motive, I shall stand excused in your
 eyes and those of my readers.

Here permit me to add, for the last time,
 that if the series of misfortunes which have
 attended me, and the train of reflections which
 have naturally flowed from them, have pro-
 duced such sentiments as may prove instruc-
 tive to my fair Readers, I shall esteem those
 misfortunes a happiness. And, as I know

not

not how I can more forcibly express my ideas on this head, than by the following elegant lines of Mason in his much-admired Monody on Pope, I shall conclude this letter with them.

“ To sway the judgment while he charms the ear,
 “ To curb mad passion in its wild career,
 “ To blend with skill, as loftiest themes inspire,
 “ All reason’s vigour, and all fancy’s fire,
 “ Be this the poet’s praise; with this uncrown’d,
 “ Wit dies a jest, and poetry a sound.”

G. A. B.

L E T T E R CXXI.

May 13, 1785.

WHEN I first sat down, my dear Madam, at your request, and that of many other of my friends, to write this additional volume, I was in hopes of being able to complete it in much less time than I have done; but indisposition, arising from the sources mentioned in a former Letter, has prevented me from executing it either with the expedition, or in the manner, I could wish. I flattered myself that I should be able to recollect many more circumstances of my own life, and more anecdotes relative to others. But trouble, which you know depresses every cheerful thought, and absorbs in itself almost every

every other idea, has prevented the completion of these wishes.

I shall, however, make you ample amends for this, by inclosing you a little dramatic piece written by the late Mr. Woodward, which I am well assured will furnish you with much greater entertainment than any production of my pen can do. The esteem I bear you, my dear Madam, and the high sense I entertain of the favours with which I have been honoured by an indulgent public, could alone have induced me to present it to the world in this manner.

You will see from it the extensiveness of my deceased friend's genius, and the luxuriance of his imagination. He wrote it upon the plan of the "Seasons," in the "Spectator," and intended it for representation at Covent-Garden Theatre, had not death put a stop to the revolutions of *his* Seasons.

I shall not pretend to point out the beauties of the piece: the just and picturesque adoption of the characters to each Season; the propriety with which he has selected the scenes and views; the nervous and applicable language of the recitative and songs; the moral tendency of the sentiments; and the whole adjustment of the drama; are too striking to need any observations from me. They are such as I think must have secured it success, had the representation of it taken place.

G. A. B.

THE
SEASONS:

A
DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

MR. WOODWARD.

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S P R I N G.

S C E N E

A most beautiful garden in the present taste, flowering shrubs, &c ; first in bud, but before the scene finishes, in full leaf and blossom.

---The whole stage laid open, and at the top enters a youth of an exquisite form, clothed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers ; a chaplet of roses on his head, and a narcissus in his hand.----*Flora* on one hand, and *Vertumnus* on the other, in a robe of changeable silk. When these characters have reached the frontispiece---enter (at the top) *Mars* in armour, with his sword drawn---after him, *Venus* (without any ornament of dress) with a globe in her right hand encompassed with her cestus, and a sceptre of gold in her left.

left.----After her, *Cupid* followed by the three *Graces*, with their arms entwined---who continue at the top till *Spring* speaks.

SPRING, the capital Figure.

VERTUMNUS

FLORA

} Singers.

MARS

VENUS

} Attendant Deities.

} Principal Dancers.

CUPID.

The GRACES.

GARDENERS, Men and Women; Dancers.

MARCH

APRIL

MAY

} Attendant Months.

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

Welcome! ye playful bands, that love to greet
My pregnant influence;---what time, increase,
And propagated beauty mark my way
Thro' broider'd meads, and hills, and forests wide,
Emerging into verdure!--while the voice
Of love, by thousand whispering echoes borne,
From cave, or spray, or peopled roof resounds;
Amidst the gentle glow of gradual suns,
The soft effusions of dissolving clouds,
And all the still serenity of heaven!--

These are my gifts to man.---When nature prompts
His wish, and reason regulates his deed,
My reign is *all enjoyment*: earth, air, sky,
With happiest temp'rament and genial sympathy,
Awaking all the pungency of pleasure,
Spread new delights before him.---Let him seize
The glad occasion:---let him frolic;---blest
Ev'n in indulging, if indulgence come
Hallow'd by virtuous use, and wise restraint!--

Sits on a bank of flowers.

I.

VERTUMNUS.

First-born of the youthful year,
 Spring, thy jocund reign assume;
Bidding, where thou tread'st, appear
 Every sweet, and every bloom!

II.

FLORA.

Venus thro' thy train inspires
Soft endearments, keen desires,
 Flushing fears, and hope that burns;
Mars no more intent on fight,
All his ardor, all his might,
 To thy happier triumphs turns.

III.

BOTH.

Every Grace devotes to Spring
 Playful wiles, and frolic song;
Bounding mirth and shouts that ring,
 Sweetly shrill, the meads along.

Dance, by Mars, Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.

IV.

IV.

VERTUMNUS.

Rugged MARCH at thy appearing
 Pleas'd his low'ring brow unbends;
 Down a dew-bright sunbeam steering,
 Earth with vital moisture cheering,
 Air with lightfome radiance clearing,
 APRIL thy glad call attends.

V.

FLORA.

Gentle MAY, to amorous glee,
 Rapturous vows, expreffive fighing,
 Tender doubts, and kind complying,
 Gives the glow thy rays difpenfe;---

GARDENERS appear at the top, ornamented and decorated with flowers.

Teeming nature touch'd by thee,
 All her latent fires reluming,
 All her active powers refuming,
 Quickens into life and fenfe.

Dance.

The laft stanza is repeated in *Chorus of Song and Dance.*

SUMMER.

VI

The last of the series is the one in which the

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S U M M E R.

S C E N E.

THE four first wings on each side are *trees* in full leaf; clustered with *honey-suckles*, and *tuberoses*; *fountains* playing.—All beyond is a *corn-field* in rows, and terminated with a scene that carries the field to a great distance.—*Summer* enters at the upper part of the stage (represented by a man in the full prime and vigor of his age); *his complexion sanguine and ruddy*; *his hair black and in ringlets*; *a mantle of hair-coloured silk hung loosely upon him*. As he approaches, *four zephyrs* dance round, and fan him with their wings;—*Aurora*, on one side, with *roses* in each hand, attired in *grey*, and ornamented with the various flowers of the season;—*Vesper*, on the other, with a bundle of *honey-suckles* and *tuberoses*, attired in a robe of *azure beset with drops of gold*. When come to the front, *Summer* speaks—

SUMMER, the capital Figure.

AURORA, }
VESPER, } Singers.

PAN, }
CERES, } Attendant Deities,
and
Principal Dancers.

Mowers and Reapers—Figurers.

JUNE, }
JULY, } Attendant Months.
AUGUST, }

S U M M E R.

See! where th' intense effulgence streaming wide
 From the broad eye of heav'n, sheds active heat
 And all-maturing vigor! Earth admits
 The penetrating ray; and her quick powers,
 Conscious of Summer's impulse, rush alert
 From thousand channels up, to meet the blaze
 Of day; some thro' the swelling tubes that feed
 Grain, herb and flower;—some thro' th' unnumber'd
 pores

Of knotty trunks, whose high tops shade the plain,
 Or wave athwart the slope of length'ning hills.

*(Enter, at the top of the stage, Pan, Ceres, with their
 train of Reapers, to the sound of oaten pipes, and
 cymbals—when they have advanced—)*

S U M M E R.

Proceed my festive train! and as ye pass,
 Instruct mankind for *whom* I tinge with gold
 The ripening ear, and bid the Cherub Hope
 Perch on the loaded bough, distending still
 The youngling fruits;—for *whom* I lead the gales
 Cool thro' o'er-arching bow'rs, and teach the rill
 Ling'ring to wind along the sultry vales:—
 'Tis all for INDUSTRY,—to crown her toils,
 To raise her joys, to sweeten her repose.

Sits in a shady bower.

I.

AURORA.

See, SUMMER, see! where bounds along
Plump vigor ever light and hale;
That loves to catch the perfume strong
Of morning dew, and evening gale.

The shepherd *Pan* salutes thy beam
By mossy bank and shadowy stream;
Or fauntering in the noon of day
Enjoys the fervor of thy ray.

Pan and Men-reapers dance.—

II.

VESPER.

Zephyr sports, thy ray pursuing,
Where the fiercest fires abound;
Still his busy flight renewing,
Wild he strays
Thro' the blaze,
And flings æthereal freshness round.

Ceres enters dancing with followers.

III.

III.

AURORA.

In dance robust to measures rude,
 Lo! *Ceres* brings thee many a swain;
 Whose toil the stubborn glebe subdu'd,
 Whose patience reap'd the perfect grain.

IV.

Flowery *June* displays thy painting
 All in lavish splendor drest;
July pants, and *August* fainting,
 Sinks beneath thy rage oppress'd:
 (*Here the stage darkens by degree.*)
 Sinks, till borne on fable wings
 Night her welcome coolness brings.
 (*Refreshing showers leave Iris in a rainbow.*)

V.

O'er the glade
 See she pours
 Refreshing shade
 Reviving showers,
 Till again their course to take,
 Life and day together wake.

Dance and Chorus to the last stanza.

In your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

And in your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

And in your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

And in your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

And in your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

And in your mind to be a man
And in your heart to be a king
To be a man and to be a king
To be a man and to be a king

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A U T U M N.

Stage all open.

WINGS and borders represent a rich orchard of ripe *fruit*, arched over, and bearing down the boughs:—through which is seen a vineyard, rich in fruit, and high-coloured, rising in gradual ascent, as far as the sight can reach;—*the sun strong upon them*—Autumn appears (between the orchard and the vineyard) represented by a person that seems to bend a little under the weight of years;—his beard and hair full grown, of an equal number of *black* and *grey*;—a *robe* of a yellowish cast girt round him, the colour of fallen leaves; and a large quantity of *fruits* in each hand.—*Plenty*, with a cornucopiâ by his side.—*Pomona*, on the other, with *apples* in one hand, and a *glass of cider* in the other.—When properly advanced, Autumn speaks—

AUTUMN, the capital Figure.

PLENTY,

POMONA,

BACCHUS, Attendant Deity,

} Singers.

FAWNS,

SATYRS,

} Dancers.

SEPTEMBER,

OCTOBER,

NOVEMBER,

} Attendant Months.

A U T U M N.

Ye jocund tribes, that from the foaming cup
 Of brim-full plenteousness rejoice to quaff
 Redundant spirit, mellow pleasantry,
 And ever-changeful humour, haste, and share
 My rich profusion:—where the clustering grapes
 Full to the sky their burnish'd sides displaying
 Invite the kiss of Phœbus, and straight blush
 With lustre infinite:—where glossy fruits,
 Of flavour manifold, on shrub, or tree,
 Beam through the russet-foliage; while within,
 Eager to start, the poignant juices glow.—

These are for *pleasure*:—yet, let *pleasure* know,
 There is a *bound* which *sage discretion's* hand
 Must fix;—on this side, innocence may sport
 Unblemish'd;—all beyond is folly, pain,
 Remorse, and ignominy:—bounteous heaven
 Hath given enough,—excess, that craves *too much*,
 Insults the giver, and prevents the gift.—

(Sits on a bench well sheltered by the boughs of an
apple-tree.)

I.

PLENTY.

Lo! *Autumn* returns!—to invite all around,
 Let the clear voice of health thro' the vallies resound;
 In the front of his train let tough labour appear,
 And peace and satiety lead up his rear.

II.

POMONA.

'Tis *Autumn* whose favour
 Gives beauty and flavour
 To fruits of a thousand bright dies;
 If his warmth he bestow,
 They swell and they glow,
 And the fragrance perfumes all the skies.

III.

*Enter Bacchus in a Chariot drawn by Tigers, accompanied
 by a Troop of Satyrs, Fawns, and Sylvens.*

BACCHUS.

The triumphs of *Autumn* see *Bacchus* pursue,
 While his satyrs and fawns gambole over the plain;
 As they drain off the old stock they think of the new,
 And sober or drunk they know this maxim true,
 That who gave the last vintage must give one again.

(*Dance of satyrs and fawns.*)

IV.

IV.

BACCHUS.

Rampant play that knows no measure,
Prankful strength, and sanguine pleasure,
That ling'ring thought disdains;
Sleek good-humour, prone to quaff,
Arch to jest, and free to laugh,
All reside where *Autumn* reigns.

(*Dance of peasants employed in the vineyard.*)

V.

BACCHUS.

September the mimic of *spring-time* that shines,
October all stain'd with the blood of the vines,
And *November* that loves a snug roof and good cheer,
All, all, own rich *Autumn* the pride of the year.

Dance.—Chorus of Song.

If nature's best gifts can enjoyment awake,
Rich *Autumn* has treasures for all to partake.

W I N T E R.

A Frost Scene.

WINTER is represented by a man in the extremity of age, wrapt up in furs;—hair as white as snow; his beard hung with a great quantity of icicles; his limbs all contracted; his body bent to the ground; and supported by *Comus* on one side, and by *Necessity* on the other.—*Comus*, habited in a mantle, with emblems of merriment, jests, with faces looking two ways at once; his face youthful and plump, his head bald, and his limbs old and deformed.—*Saturn*, at a little distance following, with a *scythe* in one hand, and an *hour-glass* in the other;—who unobserved, steals away.—*Vesta*, the goddess of fire, following *Necessity*, with a *lamp of eternal flame*; every now and then warming *Necessity*, at which she looks pleased.—They come to the front, and *Winter* speaks to the *villagers*, who follow *Vesta's lamp*.

WIN-

WINTER, the capital Figure.

COMUS,	}	Singers.
NECESSITY,		

SATURN,	}	Attendant Deities, and Principal Dancers:
VESTA,		

Villagers, &c.—Figurers.

DECEMBER,	}	Attendant Months.
JANUARY,		
FEBRUARY,		

W I N T E R.

Come on, ye hardy spirits, souls of proof,
That heed an old man's counsel!—Bound by my frost
The glebe recruits its vigor : from my snows
It drinks new particles, of pungent force,
And subtle operation; brush'd by storms
It gives to dissipation sluggish damps
And baleful vapours.—Thus it is with nature
Even as with manhood : opportune severity
Contracts the powers, to lend 'em firmer tone,
And more elastic efficacy ;—mark,
When cold benumbs the body, how the mind
Loves to dilate itself; with what warm glee
It seeks society.—*Spring, Summer, Autumn,*
Are man's mere play-days : *Winter* is his hour
Of serious occupation : *Winter* teaches him
His wants and weakness : drawing thence occasion
To give his faculties, their aim, their scope,
Their energy, their feelings ; as becomes
A being, sensitive, intelligent,
Free, active, social, moral, half divine !

I.

NECESSITY.

Hail, pow'r!—who dost thy gifts prepare,
 For painful toil, and patient care;
 Who bid'st, amid surrounding snow,
 The cheek of health with transport glow.

II.

COMUS.

What tho' frowns thy face o'er-cast,
 Mirth can teach thy frowns to please;—
 What tho' nature all aghast
 Shrinks and shivers at thy blast,
 Mirth can all thy storms appease.

III.

BOTH.

Vesta still thy steps pursues;
Vesta proud with fate to strive;
 Shedding oil in genial dews
 To keep creation's flame alive.

Vesta and followers dance here.

IV.

IV.

(Scene opens and discovers Saturn and Villagers over a large Fire, &c.)

COMUS.

See Saturn grown cunning with age,
And taught the true worth of repose;
In a corner defies all thy rage,
O'er a hearth that burns up to his nose.

There merrily rules he the roast,
And round him the villagers throng;
He shares in the laugh, he joins in the toast,
And trouls the smooth ditty along.

V.

Enter the Months.

NECESSITY.

Pierc'd by thy cold, *December* leads
His fellow months, as each succeeds,
To sports that make thro' every vein
The freezing blood flow brisk again.

VI.

VI.

SATURN.

Calm sense, and firm spirit can smile at thy rigor,
And heart-whole content can with thee be serene;
Thou giv'st them new labour, and labour new vigor,
And vigor makes pleasure more rich and more keen.
Tho' sol hides his ray,
Joy creates its own day,
And throws a fresh light o'er the regions of gloom,
While joy perseveres;
Short hours are worth years,
And winter has sunshine, and plenty, and bloom.

(Dance of villagers, &c.—Chorus of song.)

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THE D. I. C.

The Chronicle of Cambridge
1840-1841

Walter Henry, Esq.
Walter Henry, Esq.
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1840-1841

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The five preceding Volumes of this Work, have met with the most favourable reception from the Public, and experienced a rapidity of sale scarcely ever equalled: and that this has arisen from the intrinsic merit of the Work, and not from a temporary delusion, excited by some accidental cause, clearly appears from its having been stamped with the approbation of most of those, whose business it is to judge of the merit of every new publication. It is therefore hoped, that an insertion of these encomiums, from the Reviews and Magazines in which they are, as they have been so general, will not be considered, however unusual, as needless or obtrusive.

From the ENGLISH REVIEW, for FEBRUARY,
1785.

“ THIS performance is interesting and curious upon many accounts. It contains, without disguise, the life of a woman, who was beautiful and well educated; who has distinguished herself as a capital Actress; and whose adventures have been various and singular. This History, too, is the more alluring and valuable, as it is written by Mrs. Bellamy herself. Hence those frequent bursts of tenderness, anxiety, and passion, which captivate the reader so much; and which,

H 2

throughout

throughout these volumes, prolong an agitation that is at once melancholy and pleasing. Mrs. Bellamy knows how to communicate the exquisite tone of her feelings. We enter into, and go along with her sorrows; and the tender sympathy she excites, has the power to detract from the disapprobation that ought to accompany the detail of her errors.

“ The vanity of beauty, the eclat of general admiration, the flattery and blandishments of men of high rank and fortune, the love of pleasure, and the pride of luxury and voluptuousness, are the topics which most naturally apologise for female frailty: and in the present case, there were superadded a sensibility of soul, and a fineness of passion, that were the most feelingly alive. But while the weakness of nature pleads forcibly for Mrs. Bellamy, the extreme candour with which she describes her faults, serves also to alleviate the impression of them: and, in a moral view, the pictures she draws may be highly beneficial. They may instruct the young and thoughtless of her own sex, to fly from the flattering shore of vanity, dissipation, and illicit love, by exhibiting the misery and wretchedness they are otherwise so certainly to encounter.

“ To give an abridgement of the adventures of Mrs. Bellamy, would not suit the boundaries of our journal; but it becomes us to illustrate to our readers, by some short extracts, the nature of the entertainment and instruction that are to be found in the volumes before us.”

By way of introduction to Mr. Quin's * paternal offer of his purse, in order to prevent her from being guilty of an indiscretion, as she was so much followed, they say, " The friendship which grew up between Mrs. Bellamy and Mr. Quin, was of the virtuous kind; and among many particulars which she furnishes of this distinguished character, she gives us the following one, which cannot be sufficiently admired."

The † account of Lord Digby, given by Mrs. Bellamy, they remark, " is not more singular than agreeable." And after making several striking extracts, thus conclude their observations on the work.

" These short but interesting extracts may afford our readers a specimen, upon which they may judge for themselves of the ability and talents of Mrs. Bellamy. In our opinion, her capacity is very considerable; and we are disposed to acknowledge, that her composition is generally natural and easy, and, on particular occasions, solemn and forcible.

" In the course of her narrative, there are recorded many theatrical anecdotes, with great liveliness of description. Her work also contains many curious notices of persons, not more illustrious for their rank than their consequence: and, upon the whole, the chequered tenor of her life exhibits many an useful lesson of virtue. Her character, like that of every other mortal, is mixed; and the calamities she suffered, often sprung from the amiable source of her benevo-

* Vol. I. page 59.

† Vol. III. page 65.

lence. If she has lost herself on the stream of unlawful pleasure, she was able to preserve, uniformly, the happy qualities of sincerity and gratitude. If she has felt the pangs of neglect and want, she can recollect the season when her heart melted with miseries not her own, and her hand supplied with liberality the wretchedness, which, in the sunshine of her fortune, she never dreamed that she was to know. Under the recollection of happier hours, and with a mind formed for elegant desires, she is, at this moment, an object for lamentation: and while in our literary capacity we are called upon to characterise her writings, we cannot resist the opportunity of pointing out her case to the rich and fortunate. While they recollect her distress, they may indulge in the luxury of relieving it."

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, for FEBRUARY.

" These volumes, in which the author has, with her own Apology, interwoven anecdotes of the principal characters of her contemporaries, both on the stage and in the polite circle, cannot fail to suit the taste of the day, and afford the reader amusement and information; they may even claim some pretensions to instruct, and serve to warn the young, the giddy, and the gay, of the softer sex, from the ' Syren shore of vanity, dissipation,

sipation, and illicit pleasures, of which remorse and misery are (as the author has too sensibly felt) the sure and inseparable attendants.'

"To excite the curiosity of our readers, we have sketched a faint outline; to gratify it fully, we wish to refer them to the original, where *light* and *shade*, properly disposed, present, if not a masterly, at least a faithful picture of what Shakspeare calls 'the web of life, of mingled yarn, good and ill together; where our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.'

"Few people have met with more vicissitudes in life than Mrs. Bellamy, or greater instances of ingratitude: a kind of fatality seems to have pursued her; which may, however, without ill-nature, frequently be found to have originated in her own imprudence. We hope, however, that experience will have taught her that saving, though dear-bought, knowledge, which may enable her to pass the remainder of her days, if not in affluence, at least in ease."

MONTHLY REVIEW, for MARCH.

"Although we are far enough advanced in life, to retain a very early remembrance of the pleasure de-

rived from Mrs. Bellamy's performances on the stage, yet truth obliges us to confess, we never received more satisfaction from her exertions there, than from the perusal of the volumes now lying before us.

" In the agreeable medley that composes the farrago of these five volumes, thrown together with that careless elegance and vivacity which distinguish the productions of *the ladies*, are displayed several eminent figures and characters in the *beau monde*, as well as in the literary, the theatrical, and the political world. In the same groupe we see Metham, Medicote, Calcraft, Count Haslang, Harry Fox, Lady Coventry, and Lady Harrington, with Quin, Garrick, Macklin, Woodward, Thomson, Francis, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Woffington. Mrs. Bellamy, like other historians, both male and female, betrays piques and partialities; yet many of her characters are happily and justly delineated; particularly Quin, and the Dutchess of Queensberry.

" In the course of her narrative, Mrs. B. abounds in *reflections*, often truly moral, and sometimes peculiarly suitable to her situation, and agreeably tinged with female delicacy. On the whole, her narration is easy and natural, and her story both amusing and affecting. As a reciter of facts, we think she means to be faithful; yet, as she appears to have written hastily from memory, she sometimes seems inaccurate as to *time* and *place*; but where is the wonder? We do not find that she kept any diary, or journal, of the events which have furnished the materials of this Apology.

" We

"We cannot but lament the misfortunes of her life, and think her sufferings under the will of Woodward, which was intended to relieve her, particularly hard. The executors, in abandoning their trust, have shown but little regard to the memory of the deceased, or compassion for the helpless situation of Mrs. Bellamy, to whom we most heartily wish a speedy and effectual consolation."

WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE, for MARCH.

"The sale of this book has been so rapid, that the third edition was published before we deemed it necessary to give an account of it. While the sale of a book filled with anecdotes of individuals, living or dead, and which are principally calculated to raise curiosity, mark the taste of the age, the work itself deserves particular notice, on account of the materials of which it is composed.

"We have here the life and transactions of the once-celebrated Miss Bellamy, an Actress whom most of our readers must remember. She was raised into public notice first by her professional merit, and afterwards still more by her connexions. From affluence she was reduced to extreme poverty, to which increase of years made a bad companion; and from her own account it appears, she was driven to this poverty by vanity, pride, self-consequence, and extravagance.

These are the errors against which she wishes to guard her young readers, and we wish her every success which so good an intention deserves.

“ In the course of her narrative, she gives many very entertaining relations, which are the more pleasing, as the public are acquainted with the characters. In many parts, however, there is an air of romance, which would be more proper for a novel than a narrative of facts. Her style is animated; and although she has past the age of finest sensibility, she yet can weep, and draw tears from her readers.

“ Her letter to John Calcraft, Esq; is a master-piece of keen and close satire. We do not wonder why it was originally suppressed.”

From the UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, for
MARCH.

“ The life of a celebrated Actress, who figured many years in a splendid career of extravagance and dissipation, may seem, at first sight, to promise little more than the theatrical anecdote, or the tale of gallantry. These Memoirs, however, are *uncommonly instructive*. Vice appears not here in attractive colours: its pursuits are productive of dissatisfaction only, and in misery do they terminate. In short, the mind is here irresistibly led to prefer the most humble competence of virtue, to the most shining allurements of guilt.”

From

From the CRITICAL REVIEW, for APRIL.

" THIS title is modest ; but it leads one to expect apologies for errors, instead of a free, unconstrained relation of them. Perhaps Mrs. Bellamy has preserved it, in imitation of the title of similar performances, without perceiving its tendency to mislead. Though we must suspect that a natural partiality for her own actions, a little spice of self-love will gild her faults, and diminish her errors, yet the tale, in many respects, appears to be related with fidelity and candour. Her own mind, unaccustomed to restraint, was eager and impetuous in forming and executing its resolutions. Lively, gay and inconsiderate, with a spirit which years cannot humble, or misfortunes depress, she has been the victim of misdirected talents, and of qualifications which, in better circumstances, might have rendered her a bright ornament of society. In the sun-shine of prosperity she was followed, courted and admired ; her faults assumed the lustre of their kindred virtues, and her errors were consequently sanctioned by popular applause ; they were rooted by the approbation of those whose " Praise was fame." At this time, she could not be expected to think of age---to reflect on its attendants, obscurity, neglect, and perhaps poverty ; so that many of her faults may be stiled indiscretions, and these were sometimes produced by the misconduct of others rather than of herself: even her indiscretions

have, in some instances, arisen from the best motives, the most warm and active benevolence.

“ We could not, however, wish to plead in favour of immortality, though we should distinguish between voluntary and accidental guilt. There are not many works whose tendency is more salutary. These volumes may remind the gay fluttering butterflies of the present day, that the period of reflection and regret will probably arrive, when the remembrance of these fading pleasures will be attended with remorse rather than delight: they may suggest to the unthinking fair-one, who envies the gilded luxuries of her who seems to bask in the sun-shine of fortune, that it is an “ unsubstantial pageant,” which will dissolve and leave a permanent distress: that in the midst of splendor, the mind fears to look at the conduct which its unregulated passions have dictated, and shuns reflection as its bitterest enemy.

“ The story is in general told with spirit: it is frequently affecting and amusing; but the anecdotes lose much of their zest, because unaccompanied with that lively manner which once distinguished Mrs. Bellamy. The wretched we commonly forsake, and fly to “ eyes unfulfilled with a tear;” perhaps, on this account, we found the latter volumes less interesting than the former. The anecdotes occasionally introduced, reflect the highest honour on the humanity of some of the heroes of the stage. If Mr. Garrick does not possess an honourable and resplendent niche in this group of statues, somewhat must be allowed to the failings of human nature,

nature, and somewhat to disadvantageous impression, which his frequent disputes with our author must have necessarily left.

“ On the whole, these volumes are very entertaining, and we think instructive. To the heart guarded by moral instruction, they can certainly do no injury; and we think the consequences are too obvious to be overlooked by the most careless, the most dissipated reader. The confession, so far as it may be supposed candid, adds a credit to the author; but, independent of self-love, the debts of gratitude seem to have been repaid, by extenuating the errors of others.

“ After giving an extract of that * anecdote, relative to the late Mr. Fox’s fondness for his son, the present member for Westminster, which they allow to be curious and entertaining; and likewise the story of *Miss Morris’s* death, the young Lady brought out in the “English Merchant” by Mr. Colman, which they denominate “a trait of Mrs. Bellamy’s sensibility that does credit to her heart;” they conclude with saying, “we would willingly have extracted some passages relating to Mr. Quin and Mr. Woodward; but we would neither anticipate the reader’s curiosity, or run the least risk of injuring the unfortunate author.”

